NATIONAL REVIEW

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February 14, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

From a Traveler's Notebook

RUSSELL KIRK

The Decline of Partisanship

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Castro and the Communists

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
GEORGE WINDER · MORTIMER SMITH · MEDFORD EVANS
JAMES BURNHAM · WILLMOORE KENDALL · GARRY WILLS

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An Open Letter from the Publisher

February 2, 1959

To the Friends of National Review:

Like most young magazines, National Review has had its share of financial troubles. No doubt it will have more of them. If and when it does, we shall report them to you—the readers who have so loyally sustained it in past crises.

Meanwhile, I thought you would enjoy hearing some good news for a change. It is this: National Review's paid circulation is zooming. In recent weeks, it has topped 29,000. What is more, a full 9,000 of these readers have come aboard in the seven short months since July 1, 1958. And all this has occurred at a time when other magazines were hard-pressed to hold the subscribers they already had.

What is the explanation? Hard work by our circulation-promotion staff, of course, along with an editorial content that we believe has no equal for quality in the country. But here at National Review we like to think that this astonishing rise is attributable to something besides our hard work, or even the Magazine's intrinsic quality. We dare to hope that, thanks to these, the case for intelligent conservatism is breaking through—through the Silence Curtain, through the smears, through the honest misconceptions—in a way and on a scale that it has never done before. If National Review is serving that high purpose, we have reason indeed for pride.

At any rate, I thought you'd like to know the news.

Cordially yours,

William A. Rusher

William A. Rusher
Publisher
NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

The "reorganization" of the Justice Department in Washington is about complete and resignations are piling up. Attorney General Rogers has reshuffled so many New Deal appointees into key positions that the question now is going the rounds: "Aren't there any qualified Republican lawyers around any more?" . . . The FBI is reportedly awaiting the return of U.S. citizens who fought in Cuba for Castro. They may lose their citizenship. . . . Central Intelligence is in trouble again. Some space-age committee Senators feel CIA evaluations of Soviet missile strength may have been revised to conform to Administration budget policy. . . . Latest triumph of Fidel Castro's democracy: suspension of habeas corpus. Castro explained that habeas proceedings slowed up trials and executions of "war criminals."

Representative Adam Clayton Powell, although second ranking Democrat on the House Education and Labor Committee, loses out on subcommittee chairmanships again this year. When Powell tried to force through a resolution on behalf of his claims, he was voted down 21-7. . . . Students at the University of Minnesota, who planned to sell 500 "Stamp out Reutherism" buttons at the Goldwater dinner in Minneapolis, were forbidden to do so by the Dean. Reason: college authorities didn't like the slogan. . . . Rockefeller forces are said to have picked House minority leader Halleck or Senate minority leader Dirksen, in that order, as a possible 1960 running-mate. . . . New York conservatives plan to be present at the February 11 Albany hearing on Rockefeller's record budget—to suggest that increasing taxes isn't the only way to balance a budget.

Now that the House Committee on Un-American Activities has been voted $327,000 to continue its work this year, the Communist pressure has shifted to the McCarran-Walter Act. Look for a renewed drive in party-line circles for its revision.

Commerce Secretary Lewis Strauss and his aides are looking for ways to reduce regulations on railroads and airlines and lower government subsidies. . . . The Polish parliament has canceled a 20 per cent surtax on earnings of spinsters, but not on earnings of bachelors. The reason: since Poland has one million more women than men, spinsterhood might be involuntary, whereas a bachelor is one by choice—for which privilege he must pay.

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The WEEK

● Two-thirds of the Swiss men who voted on the woman suffrage issue, voted no. You can bet your life it was a secret ballot.

● In regimented ranks the leaders of the world proletariat mounted the rostrum at the twenty-first Congress of the Communist Party to tell the robot delegates below, dutifully listening to speeches that lasted up to Khrushchev's 6½ hour, 45,000 word marathon, what to think and what to say. Soviet production will surpass U.S. production at the end of the Seven Year Plan. Soviet arms have outmoded U.S. arms. Soviet missiles can hit a dime at half way round the earth. Soviet space vehicles are just about ready to reach the Pole Star. The Soviet Navy is the terror of all the oceans. Soviet freedom puts to shame the fraudulent democracy of capitalism. Soviet scientists, Soviet technicians, Soviet students, Soviet factories, Soviet schools, and of course Soviet leaders are the biggest and best that the world has ever seen. . . . Is it possible, is it just possible that the comrades have protested so much too much that in the world's and their own suffering peoples' eyes their Congress ended up looking like a farce, not the intended triumph?

● The Krupp industrial empire in West Germany has just announced its intention to purchase the Bochumer Verein, world-famous manufacturers of specialized steels. And the Allied governments, whose representatives swore a great oath in 1945 to break Krupp up into little bits, have complacently agreed to the consummation of the deal. The reason? Herr Alfred Krupp hit it squarely on the head when he answered "No, no" to the question, "Would you make any guns again?" "Anyway," said Steelman Krupp by way of amplification, "the next war criminals will come from the chemical and electronics industries."

● On February 1, anti-Western Indonesia requested the United States to furnish pronto $10 million worth of light arms to fight its (pro-Western) rebels, whom the Sukarno regime claimed to have crushed eight months ago. The *New York Times* account, based on an interview with a high-ranking Indonesian army officer, reads: "He expressed hope for but impatience with the deal. 'We have told the United States,' he said, 'that we have an emergency . . . There is a limit to waiting. We may be forced . . . to do something else.' . . . His statement recalled that last year . . . Indonesia obtained a variety of equipment quickly from the Communist bloc. . . . The officer said the United States did offer about three small liaison planes and some bridge equipment. But Indonesia made it clear that her priorities called for light equipment for twenty battalions." The State Department responded vigorously: "Additional aid," it announced, "is being considered." On February 4 the first batch was sent.

● After the Des Moines meeting of the Republican National Committee, the leaders of the Young Republican National Federation met at Charleston, W. Va. At Des Moines Party Chairman Meade Alcorn, seeking a redefinition of principles and issues, had asked the Young Republicans for "fresh ideas." Gathered at Charleston, they took Mr. Alcorn at rather more than his word. They decided to do the job of redefinition themselves. During April they will hold grass roots meetings in the eleven regional areas of their organization. In May the results will be assembled by the eleven regional Vice Chairmen—a majority of whom belong to the Party's conservative wing—and drawn up as a Statement of Principles. This Statement will be placed before the scheduled June meeting of the National Federation in Denver.

● When he entered Columbia, it was on the understanding, says Roy Jacobson, that he would be taught wisdom. And he wasn't. Ever since, he has been trying unsuccessfully to collect $8,000 from the University for misrepresentation. Last month he was turned down by the courts. On the ground, presumably, that no rational person would believe that a university, nowadays, could make a man wiser.

● Whether Prime Minister Nehru's fatherly decision to have his daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, elected President of his India National Congress shows weakness or strength is hotly debated. The younger elements in Nehru's party are restless: last January fifteen members formed a "Ginger Group" to agitate against the party's complacency; seven delegates who objected to the performance of Nehru's Economic Planning Board were told that their criticisms were irrelevant; the resignation of the party's former president, U.N. Dhebar, was, according to several Indian newspapers, accompanied by a letter charging Nehru with squashing dissent. Though Mrs. Gandhi serves as official hostess to her widowed father, she is inexperienced in practical politics and has had little voice in the party's councils. Her unanimous election shows that whatever the complaints on matters of policy, no one dares challenge Nehru's personal hold over India's ruling party.

● On January 29, over a hundred Spaniards of substance, army officers, bankers, lawyers and university professors, met at a public dinner in Madrid for the

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formally illegal project of launching an opposition party (Unión Española), and to hear speeches declaring the illegitimacy of the regime and criticizing the performance of its leader, Generalissimo Franco. Spokesmen for the Unión Española, which at present includes Liberals, Rightists and several monarchist groups, have promised that it will work out doctrinal compromises which will allow left-wing Christian Democrats and even Anarchists to join its ranks. At this writing the massive retaliation with which both Franco's detractors and his followers might expect him to respond to so serious a threat to the political stability of his regime is still awaited. Is it that Franco's power has waned, and that the men of the Unión Española know it?

● After ten years of exhaustive personal and theoretical research Dr. William R. Maclean has published in the Journal of the Acoustical Society of America an integral equation which tells a host precisely how many guests he may entertain in a specific room without having the party turn raucous. The formula, developed in tests with "well-mannered" people only, and including as factors the sound-absorption coefficient and mean-free-path of a sound ray in the room, the number of people in each group, and the talking-to-noise-ratio, is so exact that a single person over the critical number it prescribes will bring on the brawl. So if you hear the decibel level suddenly go sky-high as you cross the threshold, beat a hasty retreat, for the sake of your host's good name.

● In western Pennsylvania the steel mills are humming, and in Michigan the automobiles are rolling off the lines. Yet, with prosperity returning, unemployment remains a problem in both the Pittsburgh and the Detroit areas. It's "automation" that's done it: by pursuing inflationary wage policies, the unions have forced cost-conscious employers to substitute machines for men wherever possible. Yet, though the Steelworkers' David McDonald and the Automobile Workers' Walter Reuther bargained for what they are getting, it won't stop them from asking for relief from what they asked for.

● "Right-to-Work" legislation can be adopted in industrialized states, says the National Right-to-Work Committee (1025 Conn. Ave. N.W., Washington 6, D.C.), if a responsible nucleus of citizens, including leaders of the business community, work as hard for it as does organized labor to defeat it. In a special report on the successful "Right-to-Work" campaign in Kansas last year, the National Committee contrasts the results in industrialized Wichita and industrialized Kansas City. In Wichita, where business leaders sparked the movement and started their campaign early, the "Right-to-Work" resolution was approved. In Kansas City, where business leaders by and large refused to associate themselves publicly with the drive (although privately voicing their support), the vote was 2-1 against the resolution.

● An economist has calculated that if the federal government had gone into debt in the last ten years as fast as the average family has been going into debt on installment buying and mortgages, the national debt would be $650 billion instead of $270 billion. Well, at least the average family is liberal with its own money that it ain't got instead of being liberal with other people's money that it ain't got until it sends the revenooers out to grab it.

● Recommended for all good Democrats by Eleanor Roosevelt, the *Distaff Democrat's Cook Book*, sponsored by the Women's Division of the New York Democratic Committee. A real fine buy, says Eleanor, with her usual incisiveness, because it a) costs only $1.00, b) sports an "attractive donkey" on the cover, and c) is beautifully illustrated. Given all this, who but a reactionary Republican would care how the food tastes?

● The *Worker* rhapsodizes over the report by one Talitha Gerlach (a Communist who skipped the country during the Senate's IPR hearing) on her recent visit to a thriving Communist Chinese commune where 21,530 Chinese now live and work. "Free, completely free [writes the *Worker* reviewer] are rent, food, clothing—including tailoring and shoes—theaters and movies, barbering and shampoos, bath, toothbrushes, paste and cosmetics." Not free—one small item overlooked by Comrade Gerlach—21,530 men, women and children.

● Detroit is in a dither. The midget auto has long since emerged from the drawing boards, millions have been spent on tooling up for it, and production can be started almost by pulling a switch. But is the country ready for it, or so much so as to abandon the more luxurious, and more profitable, cars now cluttering up the roads? This spring, so runs the report, will tell: if sales reports are favorable for the big car, the little one will be kept under wraps for a while longer. What would make the public turn to American copies of the increasingly popular European models? For one thing the skyrocketing price of gasoline, thanks to the new taxes, both state and federal, that are about to be enacted.

● Brinkmanship carried the day for North Carolina in her battle against the enormity which the legislature of South Dakota was about to perpetrate against one of her citizen-staples. When the lawmakers of

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South Dakota, who had read the tobacco-cancer reports, were told that North Carolina had sworn ferocious economic reprisals if they passed a pending bill requiring every package of cigarettes sold in their state to be stamped with the skull-and-crossbones symbol of poison, they capitulated and voted the bill down. Peace reigns once more beyond the Potomac.

Castro and the Communists

From the point of view of the security of the United States, the primary issue posed by the Cuban revolution is the extent of Communist—*i.e.*, Soviet—infiltration of Fidel Castro's movement and regime. We may hail or denounce Castro's late Roman style of rule, according to our personal criteria in politics and morality. But no one who retains a minimum loyalty to the government of the United States could judge as anything less than catastrophic a Communist takeover of the strategic key to the Caribbean.

Early indications are not good.

By available evidence Castro is not himself a Communist, although he often talks like one (as at Caracas last week) and acts like one (as in his guerrilla methods or his post-victory purges). But on his road to power Castro has given so many hostages to Communism that it becomes doubtful whether he can shake himself loose, even if in his own mind he wishes to do so.

Fidel's brother and intimate colleague, Raul Castro, who engineered the kidnapping of Americans in Oriente Province, completed his political education behind the Iron Curtain, and was greeted as "Comrade Communist" by the Communist radio station that began broadcasting two days before Fidel's victory.

Fidel Castro's principal aide for some years, now in charge of "internal security" and, as commander of La Cabaña prison, supervisor of the executions, is an Argentine doctor named Ernesto Guevara, known as "Che." Guevara worked for the pro-Communist Arbenz regime in Guatemala, and was praised by that same Communist radio as an "outstanding Communist leader of the country." Under Che's inspiration, Castro welcomed back the Communist exiles and accepted the hitherto outlawed Communists as a legitimate Cuban political party (using the name of "Popular Socialist Party").

On January 1, within hours of Batista's flight, the Communists in every major city of Cuba were seizing control of the trade-union organizations and headquarters. Simultaneously, known anti-Communists such as Ernesto de la Fe, of the Inter-American Federation for the Defense of the Continent, were being arrested.

The United States Communist Party, hailing the Castro revolt as a triumph of liberty, boasted of the decisive role of the Cuban Communists. This was echoed in Moscow, where a Cuban Communist delegate, Sivero Aguirre, told the 21st Congress of the Russian Party that the comrades had been "in the first ranks of the insurgent masses" and had won "the respect of the insurgent comrades-in-arms."

Meanwhile the unrestrained demagogy and wild fanaticism of Castro's post-victory conduct tend to thrust the unbridled Cuban masses into the arms of the Communists, who constitute the only disciplined and purposeful force on the scene.

Washington has so far offered, as a pole of counter-attraction, a policy of abject and disoriented abdication. We have obediently recognized the new government, withdrawn an honest and competent ambassador, tried to jump on the anti-Batista bandwagon, liquidated our military advisory groups, induced U.S. firms to pay advance taxes (*i.e.*, blackmail) to the new regime, suppressed any mention of Castro's record of outrages against U.S. lives and property, and uttered no official protest against Castro's anti-Yanqui threats and blustering.

This conduct is not only humiliating but absurd. So far as Cuba is concerned, we possess all the honors in the deck. The Cuban economy is totally dependent on us. We could bankrupt Cuba in six months merely by stopping purchase of sugar. Cuban development depends wholly on our investment, trade, tourism. Cuban security is entirely subject to our strategic command. Moreover, there is every reason to think that most Cubans regard us with good will.

It is not a question of "landing the marines," or even of loud public talk. All that is necessary to prevent the Cuban situation from getting out of hand is to make quietly clear to Castro and to the effective leaders of Cuban society and opinion that, while they may murder and rob each other in their own fashion to their hearts' content, we will not permit the enemy to establish himself on a critical base within our strategic frontier; not now or in the future; and that we will take whatever steps are called for to prevent it.

Waistlines à la Waist

Like Christopher Columbus and Magellan, the great French fashion designers this year are full of discoveries which they have graciously consented to disclose to an eagerly waiting world. They have found these things to be not only self-evident but true: that a woman's hips are ten out of ten times larger than her waist; that the waist is generally to be found some inches below the bust and that the

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bust itself is an extremely useful adjunct when it comes to holding up a dress from which the straps have been left off.

With these truths in mind, Paris this year has designed a dress so revolutionary that not even an international host of fashion reporters has dared give it a name. The specifications—in order that you may be able to recognize it at sight—are such and such: it must be largish at the bosom, tightish at the waist, and either form-fitting or flaring at the hips. The length will show, but not expose, the legs.

So decrees *la haute couture française* and who are we to be niggling and suggest that perhaps the chemise, the sack, the trapeze, the balloon and other grotesqueries of last season did not sell very well?

Virginia Tries Containment

The State of Virginia had come to a crossroads last week. It could do one of two things: shut down every public school in the state and see what the federal government, the courts, and the people of Virginia would do about that; or accept selective integration in Norfolk and Arlington. Against pressure from the more extreme segregationists, Governor Almond and his advisers chose the latter course. Soberly and with dignity, and with heavy hearts, they ordered the schools reopened in Norfolk. In Arlington they agreed to the admission of a small group of Negro students. The authorities made it clear that they wanted no trouble, no riots, no tauntings of the Negroes, no disturbances, and there were none.

The Legislature, which remained in emergency session, and was prepared to shut down the schools entirely in the event of trouble, was dissolved after having abolished compulsory public education in Virginia and approved tuition grants from the State to those students who chose to attend private, segregated schools (of either race) rather than integrated public schools. In place of its program of massive resistance, which had stood off integration for nearly five years, the Old Dominion now placed its hope on a policy of containment.

Throughout the crisis, as befits her great tradition, Virginia acted within the law to the point where she now has signified her acceptance of a situation which she still believes to be not only morally wrong and socially dangerous, but unconstitutional. To preserve her beloved country from the ravages of domestic turmoil, Virginia has kept in restraint even the very natural resentment of her proud citizens against what to them seems arbitrary judicial despotism enforced by brute coercion.

Now it is up to the others. Will the NAACP, will the northern ideologues, will the Liberal press and the courts be satisfied with a careful, selective integration? Or will they, now that the wall has been breached, go all the way and demand not moderate and reasonable, but total and immediate integration? Demand, that is, unconditional surrender? Many Southerners suspect—and with much reason—that it will be the latter. If so, it is predictable that those other states of the Deep South, who are watching the Virginia developments with close attention, will take that other road—the one Virginia has sought to avoid—and will, after wounding civil disturbance, abolish public education.

This is the moment to match moderation with moderation. If the integrationists, on their side, exercise restraint, Virginia may have pointed a way out of the bitter school crisis which threatens all education in the South as well as the integrity of our constitutional system.

From Green to Fulbright

NATIONAL REVIEW believes in the "seniority system" as the proper procedure for regulating the internal structure of legislative bodies. Seniority, with the protection it provides against the oscillating tides of plebiscitary despotism, has prevailed throughout our history in both Houses of our own federal Congress, and—though this is less often remarked—in all state and local legislative assemblies.

We therefore defend the *right* of the 91-year-old Senator Theodore Green to sit as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. We welcome, however, his voluntary and statesmanlike decision, on the straightforward ground of physical disability relevant to the discharge of his duties, to withdraw in favor of a younger man.

We cannot, unfortunately, rejoice in the person of his successor. In the substance of his ideas and policies Senator Green seemed to us a lamentable, if largely negative, influence as chief of this all-important committee. Senator J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas will bring wider knowledge, livelier talents and more aggressive tactics to the service of ideas and policies more systematically dangerous to the nation's security.

Senator Fulbright is a bona fide egghead—the former president of his state's university—and at the same time a slick and ruthless politician. He is a charter member of half the world-federation and world-government organizations of the past two decades, ready, by his recorded statements and signatures, to sign huge chunks of U.S. sovereignty over to any half-baked outfit that professes to speak in the name of "all mankind." He is a lavish spender of the public money, both by domestic handouts and

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Two Who Stood Fast

Abraham Lincoln: February 12, 1809

He was not a glittering man. Gangling and homely, his physical appearance often provoked derision. In that day of no-holds-barred journalism, malevolent editors sometimes went so far as to liken Abe Lincoln of Illinois to a baboon or an ape.

Lincoln's opponent in the debates during the Illinois senatorial campaign of 1858, Stephen A. Douglas, though short in stature, was—to his contemporaries—a far more prepossessing person. He wore fashionable clothes, rode in a private railroad car paid for out of his own funds, and possessed valuable property all over the growing metropolis of Chicago. His following among his own party, the Northern Democrats, was so immense that he could afford to flout President Buchanan and the rest of the Democratic Administration in Washington. Lincoln, on the other hand, was the senatorial candidate of an untried organization, the Republicans.

The two men, during that memorable campaign up and down Illinois, were not fighting directly for themselves; they were battling to influence the vote on candidates for the state legislature which would decide in its turn who was to represent Illinois in the U.S. Senate. In the towns of central Illinois, where the campaign was decided, it was freely held that Douglas had the best of the arguments. Taking high constitutional ground, he was for popular sovereignty in the territories. Douglas believed in the Ninth Amendment, in diversity. Lincoln, he said, was "for uniformity in our domestic institutions, for a war of sections, until one or the other shall be subdued."

With his principles in order, Douglas, the "Little Giant," made tall Abe seem illogical. Hadn't Lincoln called for a "war of extermination" between the sections in defiance of everything done by James Madison and the rest to frame a document that would accommodate differences? "Uniformity," said Douglas, "is the parent of despotism the world over."

If both men had died before the campaign of 1860, when they were finally to square off against each other as Presidential nominees of their respective parties, Douglas would undoubtedly be reckoned the greater man. But Lincoln had something that his opponent lacked, a brooding sense that the time might come when a man must fall back on simple patriotism. True, he had seemed the less able constitutionalist when he had made that speech about the "house divided against itself" being unable to stand. The "house" had been lawfully divided against itself for over seventy years, precisely in accordance with the original blueprints, and it was still standing. But Abe Lincoln had not *advocated* civil war; all he had actually said, in that first famous speech, was that he did not *expect* the Union to be dissolved, nor the house to fall; what he did expect was that it would cease to be divided. The time would come, he said, when the country would be all one thing or all another; slavery would become lawful in all the states, or it would become extinct.

Quite simply, Abe Lincoln was making a prediction. A prediction of trouble. He did not propose freeing the slaves. He did not propose going back on the blueprint of the Founding Fathers. All he meant by his famous speech was that a time was coming when a man would be judged by his loyalties. When that time came, Lincoln stood fast.

George Washington: February 22, 1732

No more than Lincoln was George Washington a glittering man. With his splendid physique and Roman mien, he was impressive. He was even handsome before time had ruined his teeth, substituting the wooden dentures that give him the stolid look we are accustomed to seeing in the late portraits. Nobody, however, has ever called him brilliant.

Washington liked country life and country rhythms. He liked riding about his acres at Mount Vernon. He liked an evening's relaxation over a glass of madeira. To paraphrase Gilbert and Sullivan, he remained, if not an Englishman, at least the nearest thing in the colonies to an English squire.

But if he had the tastes of an English squire, he was, in his thinking and in the ways of his heart, a Virginian who considered that he must teach that most un-English King, George III of the German House of Hanover, a thing or two about a freeborn colonist's heritage of immemorial English rights.

George Washington couldn't spout sentences out of John Locke as his fellow Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, could. He could not bandy information with another Virginian, little Jamie Madison, about the decline of the Greek confederation. He could not make an oration like Patrick Henry, or toss off an epigram to compete with Benjamin Franklin.

No doubt brilliance was needed to compose a Declaration of Independence. But if brilliance were all that the colonies possessed in that last quarter of the brilliant eighteenth century, we would still be governed from Whitehall. What Washington had—and what nobody else in his time and place seemed to have at all—was the ability to make men stick together. He held the Summer Soldiers over into winter service, he kept the Sunshine Patriots working on through mud and snow. When Benedict Arnold turned traitor to the colonial cause, Washington had reason to look with suspicion on certain of the lukewarm in his own ranks. But he did not let suspicion corrode his judgment; he preserved his dignity, and he fought on.

In war and in peace, he stood fast.

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by every variety of foreign aid and international junketeering, including the exchange scholarship plan named after him, which has provided lush travels in both directions for so many left-wing detractors of America. It was Senator Fulbright who in a special hearing fought to the last ditch to save Professor Philip C. Jessup, IPR board member and patron of its Communist staff chief, Frederick Vanderbilt Field, from embarrassing questions. In recent years Mr. Fulbright has drawn many of his foreign policy ideas from George Kennan, who was billed as his first star witness.

Senator Fulbright is known as a persistent and bitter critic of Secretary of State Dulles' "obstinacy" and "intransigence"—that is, of Mr. Dulles' refusal to capitulate to Moscow on every point at issue. Under the new chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee we are going to be hearing a great deal about the need for "flexibility"—the disarming label under which a policy of appeasement is now being floated on the market of public opinion.

The Legacy of Pavlov

Reading, the other day, one more of those volunteer public relations blurbs that our magazines are publishing under such titles as "I Saw the Russian People at Work and Play," we recalled a letter that our friend, Prof. William H. Peterson, sent us from Moscow last autumn:

"On political matters [he wrote] Russians seem to be as thoroughly conditioned as those dogs of Pavlov's trained to salivate automatically when a bell rang. Curious about how the World Series was going, I asked the lady behind the newsstand at the Hotel National for an American newspaper. She beamed the standard Muscovite smile of stainless steel dentures and handed me a copy of the New York *Worker*. "This is not a newspaper," I muttered; but—any port in a storm—I leafed through. Nothing about the Series. I asked if she didn't have any other paper—'In English, please.'

"Another smile. And this time the London *Daily Worker*.

"It was the same sort of conditioned reflex I'd been getting ever since I hopped aboard a Soviet jet at Brussels. Not that the newsstand wasn't well stocked. I recognized some of the names: *Pravda, Izvestia, Trud, Kommunist, Sovetsky Sport, Sovetsky Kultura, Krokodil.* These and all the rest were put out by the one publisher: the state.

"Not only do you bump up against the state wherever you turn, whether you buy a glass of vodka or a pack of cigarettes, whether you grab a taxi or get a haircut. I also discovered first hand how the state conditions the mind. The press is only one part of the communications system, all of it totally controlled by the state. Add telephones, telegraph, radio, TV, art, books, plays, movies, billboards, lectures, the postal system, tours, encyclopedia, schools, universities; even conversation, which is watched by police agents and informers. Information leaving Russia is censored. Information entering Russia is censored. Information inside Russia is censored. Only the Line gets through.

"Under these conditions the faculty of reason atrophies. The mind becomes putty. The Pavlovian responses are automatic.

"I stopped dozens of people in Red Square, along Gorky Street, in restaurants, museums and shops, friendly people of all sorts, asked them loaded questions, and got always the same answers.

"*Q.* 'What do you think of the execution of Imre Nagy?'

"*A.* 'Why Not? He was a traitor, a tool of the capitalists, a counterrevolutionary.'

"*Q.* 'How do you regard American businessmen?'

"*A.* 'Monopolists, exploiters of labor, Wall Street imperialists.'

"*Q.* 'Do you believe in God?'

"*A.* (save for a few old people) 'No.'

"To the last question my Intourist guide, Alexander Neznanov, age 26, recent graduate of Moscow University, responded: 'No, I don't believe in God. I believe in the Revolution, the Communist Party, and myself—in that order.'

"Of course I—fair enough—also had to field some

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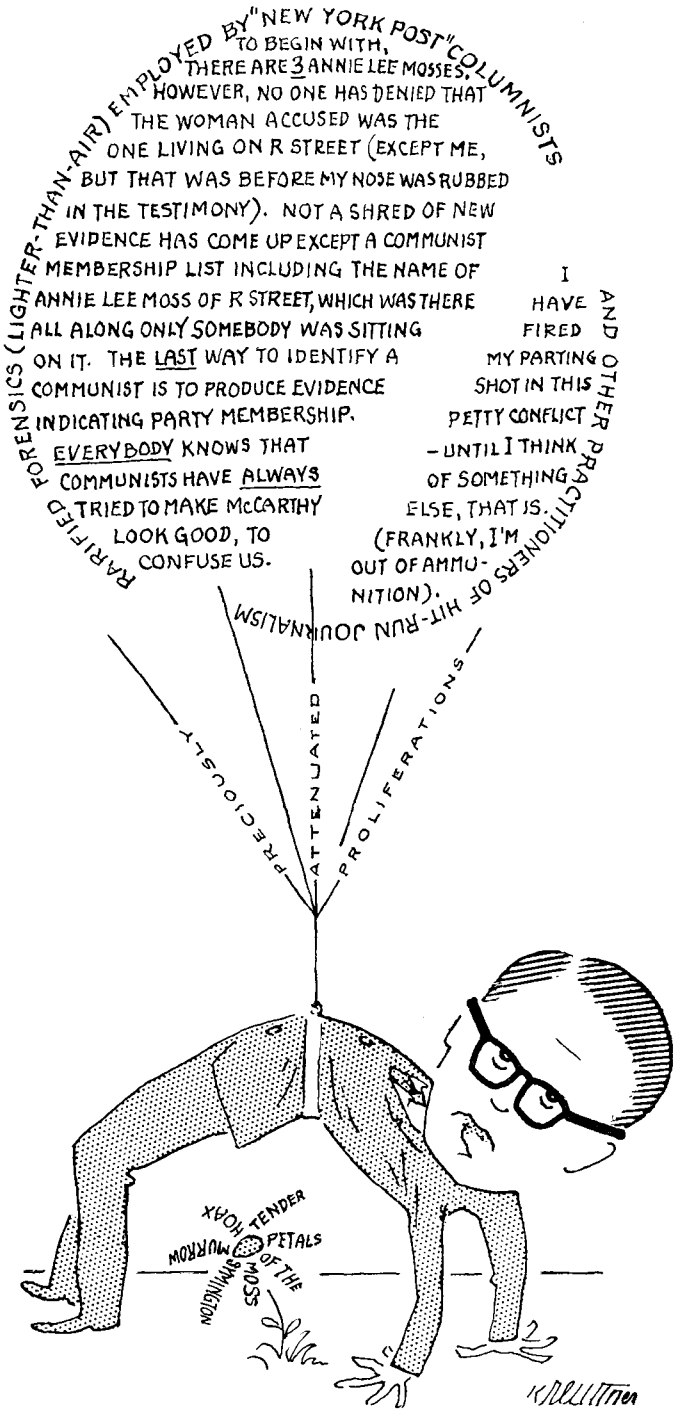
questions from the Muscovites—from a standard list. What about Little Rock, Chiang Kai-shek, the recession . . .? I did my best, and was rewarded with wonderfully patronizing smiles.

"Said *Pravda* one morning: 'As for our country, the Communist Party has been and will be the only master of the minds and thoughts, the spokesman, leader and organizer of the people in their total struggle for Communism.' "


FORENSICS (LIGHTER-THAN-AIR) EMPLOYED BY "NEW YORK POST" COLUMNISTS
TO BEGIN WITH, THERE ARE 3 ANNIE LEE MOSSES. HOWEVER, NO ONE HAS DENIED THAT THE WOMAN ACCUSED WAS THE ONE LIVING ON R STREET (EXCEPT ME, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE MY NOSE WAS RUBBED IN THE TESTIMONY). NOT A SHRED OF NEW EVIDENCE HAS COME UP EXCEPT A COMMUNIST MEMBERSHIP LIST INCLUDING THE NAME OF ANNIE LEE MOSS OF R STREET, WHICH WAS THERE ALL ALONG ONLY SOMEBODY WAS SITTING ON IT. THE LAST WAY TO IDENTIFY A COMMUNIST IS TO PRODUCE EVIDENCE INDICATING PARTY MEMBERSHIP. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT COMMUNISTS HAVE ALWAYS TRIED TO MAKE McCARTHY LOOK GOOD, TO CONFUSE US.
I HAVE FIRED MY PARTING SHOT IN THIS PETTY CONFLICT — UNTIL I THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE, THAT IS. (FRANKLY, I'M OUT OF AMMUNITION).
AND OTHER PRACTITIONERS OF HIT-RUN JOURNALISM
PRECIOUSLY
ATTENUATED
PROLIFERATIONS
RARIFIED
SHIMMERING MIRROR OF THE MOSS
TENDER HOAX
PETALS

"How can you possibly say that I'm leaning over backward to protect something?"

Dear Mr. Shannon:

Further to the question, Which Annie Lee Moss is Annie Lee Moss, raised so incautiously by Mr. William Shannon of the *New York Post* a few weeks ago (NR: "Depends on the Way You've Been Brought Up," December 20, 1958), we have a copy of a most interesting letter by Mr. M. Stanton Evans of *Human Events* in Washington, addressed to the unfortunate Mr. Shannon. Mr. Evans has done a little original research which may or may not be commented upon by Mr. Shannon in his column . . .

"Dear Mr. Shannon:

". . . there are not three different Annie Lee Mosses listed in the Washington phone book, as you allege [in your column]; nor were there in 1954, when Mrs. Moss made the same assertion before the McCarthy subcommittee. In the Washington phone books for September 1953 and September 1954, which bracket Mrs. Moss' testimony, there are listed an 'Anna Lee Moss' and an 'Annie L. Moss.' The current phone directory for Washington lists one 'Anna Lee Moss,' one 'Annie Moss,' and one 'Annie L. Moss.' Last night I placed calls to all three of them. In the first-cited instance ('Anna Lee Moss'), I talked to the lady's husband, who said that his wife had never listed herself as 'Annie Lee Moss,' and had never been called by the name; in the second instance, I talked to the daughter of 'Annie Moss,' who said that her mother had never used a middle name 'Lee,' but called herself simply 'Annie Moss.' This leaves 'Annie L. Moss,' who, it develops, is the particular 'Annie Lee Moss' that was involved in the McCarthy hearings. . . ."

What Can Be Done For Bang-Jensen?

Many readers have asked us what they could do to help Povl Bang-Jensen, the political officer who was dismissed from the United Nations eight months ago as a result of his charges that certain UN officials had attempted to sabotage the Special Report on Hungary (see "Why Did They Fire Bang-Jensen?," Jan. 3, 1959). So far as the United Nations is concerned, the case seems to be closed; the final appeal has been turned down.

But Mr. Bang-Jensen could use help of another kind; help in finding a job. He took his law degree at the University of Copenhagen and practiced civil law, mostly corporation and business cases, for five years after entering the bar. He is an economist and a writer, and at the age of 32 won a national prize that has been awarded only three times in the past

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century for his book, *Retail Price Maintenance and Price Cutting*. In America at the outbreak of World War II, he offered his services to the Danish Legation in Washington and, for ten years, was Counselor and chief assistant to Ambassador Henrik Kauffmann. From there he went, in 1949, to the United Nations as Senior Political Officer in the Department of Political and Security Council Affairs, a position he held for another nine years. During this time he was the highest ranking Dane in the UN Secretariat. Mr. Bang-Jensen has an American wife and five children aged two to fourteen. He has lived in the United States for twenty years. He is 49 years old.

His address is: 18 Old Farm Road, Lake Success, New York.

Notes and Asides

Setting the Record Straight

1. From the Borzoi (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Publishing Company) Quarterly, Vol. 7, No. 4, p. 5, a literary newsletter written by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf: "In a recent issue of the NATIONAL REVIEW I note a page headed From the Academy by Russell Kirk. Below Mr. Kirk's name I read 'Alfred A. Knopf and Arthur Bestor, Jr., Fascists'; then in the middle of the page I see 'Mr. Alfred Knopf, publisher of many Liberal books and active over the years in many Liberal causes.' Confusing?

"VYISDER ZOMENIMOR
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2. (December 23, 1958) Dear Mr. Knopf: I have before me your Borzoi Quarterly, Vol. 7, No. 4. On page 5 you imply that NATIONAL REVIEW encouraged the impression that you and Arthur Bestor, Jr., were Fascists.

I should appreciate your advising me whether or not you read through the column by Mr. Russell Kirk in question.

Yours sincerely,
WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

3. (January 7, 1959) Dear Mr. Buckley: Of course I did. I wonder at your asking the question.

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED A. KNOPF

4. (January 12, 1959) Dear Mr. Knopf: You wonder at my asking the question? I asked it because long though my experience has been with the inscrutable society in which men like you hold down substantial reputations, I still could not bring myself to believe that if you had read through the column by Russell Kirk, you would have encouraged your readers to suppose that NATIONAL REVIEW insinuated you were a Fascist. I gave you the opportunity to meditate on what you had said, and make amends. The opportunity is gone.

The title of Russell Kirk's piece—"Alfred A. Knopf and Arthur Bestor, Jr., Fascists"—was as ironic as Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal [to abolish Christianity]." Kirk's column plunged into the story of an attempted smear, by a local evangelist of progressive education, on the Council on Basic Education, with which you and Professor Arthur Bestor are conspicuously connected. The suggestion that either of you was Fascist Russell Kirk seized upon as indicative of the preposterous lengths the educationists will go to discredit their opponents. "The founders of the Council on Basic Education," he writes in his column, "are of various political persuasions; some are conservative, and some are Liberal, and some are radical. None, it happens, are or have been Fascists. This group's most energetic spokesman is Dr. Arthur Bestor, a redoubtable Liberal, writer on Utopian communities, and regular contributor to the *New Republic*. The present executive secretary is Mr. Alfred Knopf, publisher of many Liberal books and active over the years in many Liberal causes. This simon-pure record does not suffice to shield them from the smear-tactics of educationist zealots."

In the teeth of this, you imply that NATIONAL REVIEW maligned you, and sign off with a weary attempt at scatological humor.

I am prepared to take Mr. Russell Kirk's word for it that yours has been a simon-pure record where fascism is concerned. I speak now not in defense of the educationist zealots who tried to smear you as a Fascist, but as a word of caution to those who, reading NATIONAL REVIEW, might have inferred from Mr. Kirk's defense of you that you are a man of blameless personal character.

Yours very truly,
WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Our Contributors: MEDFORD EVANS ("Hiroshima Saved Japan"), author of *The Secret War for the A-Bomb* and authority on atomic politics, is an old contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, whose readers will probably remember him best for his "Open Letter to Dr. Oppenheimer" (March 9, 1957). . . . GEORGE WINDER ("Two Million Missing Volunteers"), a New Zealander by birth, is a farmer in Sussex, England, and a frequent contributor on politics and finance to British and American magazines. . . . MORTIMER SMITH ("The Admiral Speaks His Mind") is the author of two widely read books: *And Madly Teach* and *The Diminished Mind*. He edits the excellent Bulletin of the Council for Basic Education.

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

One Does Not Think in Committee

Not so long ago President Eisenhower made the unexceptionable remark that a country "needs more than politically ordained national objectives to challenge the best efforts of free men and women." Then, in his very next breath, the President "ordained" a committee, to be appointed "politically," of representatives of labor, management, education, the professions, etc., to formulate some national objectives.

True, the President didn't say that the committee should be empowered to formulate objectives for *government.* But he did say that his group of politically chosen men and women "would be concerned with methods to meet [certain goals] and what levels of government—local, state, or Federal—should be particularly concerned."

To anti-Statist ears, all of this sounds pretty ominous. The assumption that various "levels of government" should be concerned with extra-political national objectives is a flat contradiction in terms. Besides, the whole idea of the committee is a matter of coals to Newcastle. For if any country ever had a multiplicity of groups concerned with "objectives to challenge the best efforts of free men and women," that country is the United States.

Take any Kiwanis Club, for example. In my own town of Cheshire, Connecticut, the good members of the local Kiwanis have been going over the community's needs with a fine-tooth comb in hopes of finding more things to do to "challenge the best efforts of free men and women." As part of a battle to keep the young from delinquency they have been contributing money and time to provide "platter hops"—supervised and chaperoned dances run by a disk jockey—for the local high school students. They have been collecting scholarship funds to help needy students. And this sort of effort goes on in never-ending fashion in virtually every community in the land.

I have recently returned from a sojourn in Indianapolis, and I can report to President Eisenhower that Hoosiers seem quite capable of thinking up goals for themselves without Washington's aid. I dropped in on Pierre Goodrich, the eminent son of an eminent state governor. Mr. Goodrich, a lawyer, is busy amassing a library of books on the fundament ls of liberty that would have had Lord Acton's eyes popping from his head. He does this to amuse—and to instruct — himself. But when he is through with a book it goes to Wabash College, which will soon have the most comprehensive library on liberty in the United States.

In Indianapolis the seventh and eighth grade school children have been using a textbook in "social studies" called *America: Land of Freedom,* written by Gertrude Hartman with the consultative help of Charles C. Ball and Allan Nevins (Heath, publisher). Ralph Husted, an able citizen who serves on the local school board, happened to read the book. It seemed to him to fudge virtually all the key distinctions that are necessary if one is to understand the American form of government. Quietly, he went on to read other textbooks recommended by the Indiana State Text Book Commission. One of these, *The Story of American Democracy,* by Mabel B. Casper and Ralph H. Gabriel (Harcourt, Brace), seemed infinitely preferable to *America: Land of Freedom. The Story of American Democracy* accurately labelled the Soviet version of democracy as "fake." Pointing out the difference in precision and clarity between the two texts, Mr. Husted persuaded the schools to adopt the better book, as they had every right to do without violating the rules laid down by the Text Book Commission.

Indianapolis is served by Gene Pulliam's papers, the *News* and the *Star.* Jameson G. Campaigne, editorial director of the *Star,* got wind of the Bang-Jensen case [NR Jan. 3] before it had become a minor *cause célèbre.* Taking up his editorial cudgels for a brave man risking dismissal from his UN post rather than divulge the names of Hungarian patriots who had confidentially testified about Soviet atrocities in Budapest, Mr. Campaigne couldn't save him from being fired. But Campaigne's crusade to get the Bang-Jensen case known to the U.S. did succeed in breaking through a general newspaper blackout.

After a lifetime of disappointment with grandiose efforts at global reform, William James said: "I am done with great things and big things, great organizations and big successes. And I am for those tiny, invisible, molecular moral forces which work from individual to individual, creeping in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets . . . but which, if you give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of man's pride." In Indianapolis, these "molecular moral forces" are at work. Presidentially appointed committees charged with thinking for all forty-nine States are not needed.

The President has announced that he plans to appoint educators to his committee. But what could any group of politically appointed educators do by way of formulating objectives that isn't already being done by voluntary groups working with money raised from private sources? In virtually every state there is a citizen's committee for the schools. And two years ago the Carnegie Corporation provided James Bryant Conant, former President of Harvard, with enough money to carry through a far-reaching study of American high schools. His recent report, *The American High School Today,* may not be as profound as the thinking of Mr. Russell Kirk on the subject. But it is considerably more profound than anything that might have emanated from a committee appointed by a politician, even so exalted a politician as the President of the United States.

The late Benjamin Stolberg used to say that "one does not think in committee." No doubt committees have their place. But they work better when they are small—and when they are voluntarily constituted. The sort of thing proposed by President Eisenhower is certain to lay a large—and empty—egg.

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From a Traveler's Notebook

The author of *National Review's* popular feature, From the Academy, offers some random impressions of Europe in the fall

RUSSELL KIRK

Castleford

The grim colliery town of Castleford, in Yorkshire, was an important Roman station; but it no longer has either a castle r a ford: nothing but miles of dreary streets of dismal houses, with here and there a gloomy pub. It is a big place, densely populated, portions of it condemned and derelict. Civilization's only outpost, aside from the neo-Gothic Anglican church, is the Theatre Royal, where a little band of young actors struggles valiantly against cinema and television. Thus far, their only popular success has been *Dracula*.

The Socialists dominate Castleford, of course, and I think the Communists are not negligible. Ugliness nurtures ugly politics. In such hell-holes as Castleford—a place so hideous that it has acquired a kind of perfection, being the apotheosis of its kind—the wonder is that a sizable minority of working-people still vote Tory.

The scraps of Merry England, old rural England, still lie hard by Castleford. The town is nineteenth century; the countryside, in part, still eighteenth and seventeenth and even sixteenth. From the ridge where Castleford stands, on a clear day—not that there are many clear days in damp and smoky Castleford—you can see the towers of medieval churches. One ancient village, Methly, is an easy walk away. It retains one of the finest little parish churches in England, and Americans come to see the feathered angels, in glass and in stone, in its choir. Up a slope above the village is Methly Hall, a house of the Earls of Mexboro—until the Coal Board took it. The Board has dug an immense open-cast pit right up to the terraces of the Hall, and the vast derelict house—much of it is very old—stares with its dead eyes into the devastation. Methly Hall was all beauty; Castleford is all ugliness; and the end in England is not yet.

It is not poverty that creates radicalism, nor yet prosperity that nurtures the conservative. But poverty in ugliness and boredom—there, indeed, is good soil for the Communist. Poverty in a society which is intoxicated with getting and spending; poverty among folk who have lost the hope, and even the knowledge, of any world but this—there the fanatic ideologue finds his disciples. The people of Castleford have a sour and envious look; and those who might have been their leaders have left this dismal spot if

they could. Ugliness drives out the able and hardens the hearts of those who must stare at it all their days.

A good deal of sentimental pity is wasted on the miners in the illusion that they hate their work. The miner's work is not disagreeable to him; but the places where he lives, in England at least, must be abhorrent to anyone, even a native. Nowadays the English miner has good wages, easy hours, a new house furnished by the county council, plenty of beer and cigarettes, and political power. But he is no better contented than before; if anything, he is more of a radical.

The Welfare State in England has made sure that the miner is well fed and lodged; but it has not given him heart. The new blocks of council-houses it builds for him are uglier far than his old cottage, though more comfortable perhaps. By ruthless town-planning demolitions and rent acts, the Welfare State abandons to the housebreaker all the old landmarks and bits of charm which may have survived the industrial era; in the countryside, through punitive taxation, it destroys the great estates and great houses—the countryside, which "he loved . . . just the indiscriminating feel of it." And in exchange for his dog, his prowling for a rabbit, his search for mushrooms—why, it gives him cheap television. And it leaves him an ugly customer.

Nuremberg

The noble walls are one of the most beautiful survivals of the medieval world anywhere in Europe; and until the last war, everything within their great circuit was old and fine. Nuremberg's misfortune was that Hitler chose it as a center for Nazi rallies. The population, in fact, was not particularly Nazi: many of them went to the concentration camps. Yet because Hitler had a liking for the place, the British and the Americans bombed old Nuremberg whenever they could; and in the last days of the horror, when the war was over in all but name, they burnt it to a cinder.

It is said that a diehard SS regiment was within the walls then; if so, a simple encirclement would have forced their surrender in a day or two. But we were in no mood for mercy, and after two or three hours not a house in the old town was habitable. The art of Dürer, the romance of Hoffmann, flamed up from the gel bombs and were gone forever. The jail outside the walls—and all legitimate military objectives were outside the walls—we spared, so that we could hang people.

Yet Nuremberg has come back from its fiery grave. Everything within the walls that still stood has been patched and painted; the gutted churches are roofed again, and their wonderful pictures and carvings and ironwork hang once more. The astonishing energy of revived Germany, undeterred by the Russians beyond

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the Elbe and the possibility of a holocaust ten times worse than the Allies' assault, has put life into Nuremberg again, in part rebuilding things where and as they were, in part raising new structures in some conformity to the old character of the town—and in part modernizing garishly, so that the main shopping street dazzles even an American visitor by the eager competition of its neon signs.

In outward things certainly, and in a good many inward things, the Germans—especially the Bavarians—remain the most conservative people in Europe. Much more than the French or the Italians or the Spaniards, they love their old towns. Nuremberg will be a good place to live; Trier has healed its wounds; Cologne, risen from its ashes, is a beautiful city. All this is in striking contrast with England, where whole blocks in big cities like Sheffield still lie under heaps of rubble, and where the rebuilding at fine old places like Exeter is in execrable taste.

But I am told that the invisible scars at Nuremberg are deep and festered: the postwar generation has no enthusiasm for ideology, but neither has it found anything else to love. Once the physical rebuilding is accomplished, where will the Germans turn for occupation? Once the leaders of antique mold, like Chancellor Adenauer, cease to be, who will replace them? In Nuremberg, a friend tells me, most people in their twenties and thirties have been divorced once or twice; they stagnate. Those younger still cast eager glances at America —a land which, they think, never is bored.

Medieval Nuremberg was a little world: it sent its beautiful handicrafts to all Europe, and within those Gothic walls a civilization stood complete. But now the vigor drains out of it, as out of nearly all provincial capitals, to the great centers: to Munich and Bonn and Berlin. The immense castle looming over the town ceases to invoke, for most Nuremberg folk, even memories of Hoffmann; for they have seen Hollywood movies, and therein the Promised Land.

During the Second World War, the deliberate devastation of famous ancient towns was evidence of the decadence of our time. The RAF seems to have begun the business, with raids into Bavaria against places with hundreds of Gothic houses and not one factory. Very promptly the Luftwaffe joined the game, with the "Baedeker" bombings of Coventry and Exeter and Norwich and whatever other beautiful cities it could reach through the fog. In the fullness of time, a New Zealand general smashed Monte Cassino for the exhilaration of it, and a South African air marshal wiped out Dresden when the fighting had stopped. The Germans thoughtfully burned the Roman ship at Nemi, and finished the bridges at Florence; in Russia they effaced every trace, where they could, of medieval beauty. We Americans came late to the game, and did not really have our hearts in it; our vandalism, for the most part, was accidental. Yet we planned to drop our first atomic bomb on Kyoto, the Rome and Florence of Japan, a target wholly unmilitary; only the weather prevented us. When the Russian observers came to southern Italy, they were annoyed to see the Greek temples at Paestum still standing; they wanted to know why the Americans hadn't blown them up. No point in it? Nonsense: "They're Italian, aren't they?"

Cunninghame Graham has a story about an Italian officer who let half his platoon be picked off by revolutionary snipers, rather than shell a Renaissance tower. No one had any such notions when Nuremberg was gutted.

Vienna

St. Stephen's Cathedral was burnt out in the last days of fighting, before the Russians took Vienna; but it has been so handsomely restored that the stranger to Vienna never would guess it had been harmed. (Most of the new building in the city, however, is not handsome.) The Opera is restored, too, and I sat in the old imperial box and listened to Mozart. (I had some little difficulty in getting that far; for I hadn't extinguished my cigar when I entered the sacred precincts of the Opera, and swarms of functionaries advanced fiercely upon me, shouting "No smoking!" They took me for a peasant from the hinterland, because I was wearing a Salzburg cloak; but once they discovered I was an American, whose person was inviolable, they bowed me into my imperial splendors.)

A few days earlier I had been in the presence of the gentleman rightfully entitled to that box: Archduke Otto von Hapsburg, who for some years has been living at Pöcking, in Bavaria. A week later, the newspapers were full of rumors that the Archduke had opened negotiations for returning to Austria.

Even more than St. Stephen's, the dominating feature of old Vienna is the great imperial palace of the Hofburg—which, almost untouched by the republican years, seems to be waiting for the Hapsburgs' return. Vienna is not a republican city. In this aristocratic, nostalgic place, the waitresses in the famous cafés confer the titles of Count and Baron upon the more dignified customers—if they leave tips. Every political faction contains ardent monarchists, always excepting the Communist Party.

If Otto von Hapsburg returns to Vienna, he will regain possession of his family's great estates, long since seized by the Austrian Republic in a kind of blackmail; but to return, he must—according to the present constitution—abjure his claim to the imperial crown. Presumably he would not have to abjure the claim of a brother or a son, or promise not to be elected President—or Regent. The Socialists say they have no objection to his return: they think his coming would split the Christian Democrats into monarchical and republican factions; and besides, there always have

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been monarchical Socialists in Austria, and the Socialist Party took no active part in dethroning Otto's father, the Emperor Karl.

Not many months ago, a large party of leather-jacketed Viennese youth, on their motorcycles Marlon Brando style, roared all the way to Pöcking to call on the Archduke. He and they got along famously, and they swooped back to Vienna singing his praises. En route, they happened to pass the President of Austria, in a limousine escorted by a strong force of guards. "Look at that!" said one of the boys. "That fellow needs a gang to protect him, and the Archduke doesn't even have one policeman at his door!" Toryism, according to Newman, is loyalty to persons. Perhaps the ancient longing of youth for heroes, and the need of a people for some symbol of their national identity, will incline the restless crowd of young people toward the great name of Hapsburg.

Among the Archduke's partisans in Vienna one finds old-fashioned conservatives, liberals, socialists, even some former Nazis; a great many Catholics, of course, in this Catholic stronghold, and—increasingly—Jews. Before the Second World War, there were two hundred thousand Jews in Vienna. The Nazis murdered or swept away all but two thousand; now there are twenty thousand. What the intelligent and energetic Jews of Vienna perceive is that never were they so secure as when under the Empire.

Bernard Shaw's play *The Applecart* had a successful American revival two years ago. In *The Applecart*, the witty and generous and wise king baffles all the bullying politicians by whom he is encompassed. There are strong similarities between Shaw's King Magnus and Otto of Austria-Hungary. Possibly the applecart at the Hofburg may be upset one of these days.

Avila

Cold, dry, austere, and in part derelict, the ancient and noble city of Avila stands upon a high spur of the sierra, looking in winter upon snow-covered mountains. Though its population has grown to twenty thousand in this century, there were half again as many people in medieval times. Nothing thrives in Avila nowadays: a neat new automobile-body

factory, beyond the station, has a manager and a few workmen but no contracts; and some sort of new veterinary school, a square, ugly building erected by the present government, never opens its doors.

Whatever is old in Avila is beautiful; whatever new, ugly. The splendid eleventh-century walls enclose the wonderful Gothic cathedral, many crumbling palaces and convents, red-tiled houses big and little, and innumerable bars. Avila is stern, chaste, and hard-drinking: to take one's brandy in the bars, indeed, is the only amusement, except for the American movies.

George Santayana spent his childhood here, within the walls. His dignified father was of the number of those Spaniards "filled with envy and respect" for the modern utilitarian world of England and America. Many people in Avila nowadays feel this admiration and longing for things American: they go to the films, and come away with a confused impression of a society in which everything glistens and everyone has plenty of money, a flashy new car, a smart house in the suburbs, and a pretty girl; and they ask themselves why Avila cannot be like that. For a year or two, they have been making some endeavor to convert Avila to efficiency and modernity and the Hollywood image of America.

But these efforts are clumsy and dismal in execution. Out toward the railway station, towering apartment houses have been built. The architect, I take it, never saw Avila, or else did not know his business; for these grim, shabby structures are less comfortable—not to mention beauty—than the old houses that were demolished; their windows all face the cold north, and the fierce winter wind torments the inhabitants, huddled over their braziers. The church architects do no better, despite the wealth of good ancient church-architecture right under their eyes. A fine, vast eighteenth-century convent, which easily could have been adapted to modern uses, is being demolished to make way for an American-style diocesan college, all glass and flimsy color; while the Bishop is "restoring" the outside of his palace to look like Walt-Disney crazy paving, and is doing the same sort of thing to the stone interior of the cathedral.

What one sees even in Avila, holy and impoverished Avila, goes on at a faster pace elsewhere in Spain, as in nearly all of Western Europe: a confused neoterism in outward things. It is true that the Spaniard still clings with some tenacity to spiritual and cultural tradition; but in this, as in most matters, the Spaniard is abstract. What P. E. More called "the demon of the absolute" is the curse of Spain; in politics it leads to fanatic ideology, in religion to bigotry, in private life often to a perpetual haggling over petty points.

Old Spain is dotted with American troops and tourists now. If the Spaniards do not understand America, neither do the Americans understand Spain. At Palma, not long ago, the American Navy marched a band—uninvited—to the bull-ring, and burst into rock-'n-roll as the wearied bull awaited the matador. The Spanish crowd, for whom the corrida is a serious drama of valor and death, rose up furiously, shouting and cursing in protest; but the American Navy apparently took this wrath for applause, for they marched back the next week and repeated their rock-'n-roll performance.

Once I heard a president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States declare, in a public address, that we Americans are not conservatives, but revolutionaries; and that we are going to turn the world upside down, change all other people's tastes and beliefs, and teach them to buy our products and make them like it. I do hope that we will not be so foolish as to essay this role.

We might spend $50 million in foreign aid in Avila, and demolish everything old. But our new creation would not be American; it would be only a sham. And the Spaniards, at once or after a little lapse of time, would hate us for what we had done.

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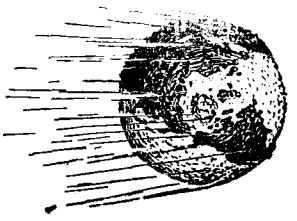

Too Much And Too Many

JAMES BURNHAM

Let us distinguish *technical* intelligence from *political* intelligence. (I am talking about the CIA-sort of intelligence: intelligence, that is, as a line of business, not as a human attribute.) Technical intelligence deals with material, quantitative facts concerning weapons, industries, inventions, armed forces, geography, resources, and so on. Political intelligence tries to understand and predict the basic policies of major social entities (nations, classes, churches, races) and of individuals likely to influence political events.

Adequate technical intelligence is the laborious product of a vast, expensive, complicated mass operation. Millions of separate data—among them maps, formulas, photographs, equations, statistical tables, decoded messages, books, correspondence—have to be processed and painstakingly fitted together. The result is the knowledge of how many x-type weapons the enemy (or an ally) has and where, how deep his harbors are, where his missile-batteries or electronic laboratories are located, how much of y he has in storage, how near he is to flying a nuclear-powered plane.

Not Bad for Amateurs

In both world wars, even though with improvised organizations, and in these last years when large-scale intelligence units have become a permanent part of the government, we have made a good and sometimes brilliant showing in technical intelligence. Most results of technical intelligence, which are in any case boring to outsiders, must be and can be kept secret. Thus the public doesn't learn much about them except for a few portions served cold in memoirs. But the tale, though so little sung, is impressive.

It is not surprising that we have done fairly well, for amateurs, in the technical branch. Good technical intelligence in our era is the product of a subdivided system of mass production very similar to that used by our mass industries, and responds to those same administrative and technical skills, qualities and knowledge that we have developed so successfully throughout our society.

Our record in political intelligence, on the other hand, could hardly be worse. Some mistakes are to be expected, but it is hard to find anything *but* mistakes in our really important political estimates. Soviet intentions 1941-47; the Mihailovich-Tito issue in Yugoslavia; China in the crucial 1944-48 period; Formosa in 1949; Chinese intentions in the Korean War; the 1955 Geneva Conference; Nasser's policy; the East German and Hungarian uprisings; the future of de Gaulle (who was totally written off); the 1958 Iraq revolt . . . the list of failures is as long as Leporello's list of Don Giovanni's girl friends.

What explains this lamentable and dangerous record?

We apply the mass assembly-line method indiscriminately to political as to technical intelligence. But this method is not suitable for producing good political intelligence. It is, in fact, a formidable, almost insuperable obstacle. The individual intelligence officer is drowned in data, mostly irrelevant; and the intelligence enterprise as a whole is suffocated by the weight of its own size and numbers. There isn't time or space even to file all the tons of documents (think of just one item: the monitored transcripts of all Communist broadcasts *every day!*), much less read them; and no time at all to think about them.

Moreover, as in any other assembly-line operation, the process of production is so split up that each individual sees only his immediate section.

One of the most brilliant intelligence analysts in this country re-

(*Continued on* p. 522)

SH-H!
WHY THE 500 MILLION $ A YEAR
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
IS WORTH EVERY PENNY OF IT!
SEES ALL!
KNOWS ALL!
HARD FACTS:
1956 - NASSER SEIZES CANAL. WEST OFF GUARD.
1957 - SOVIETS CRUSH HUNGARIANS - WEST APPALLED
1957 - SPUTNIK LAUNCHED WEST SET BACK ADMITTED.
58 - NIXON MOBBED IN S.A. MISCALCULATION PEGGED.
58 - COUP IN IRAQ. IKE DOCTRINE REASSESSED.
1959 - BATISTA OUSTED CAN'T CALL THEM EVERY TIME - (STATE DEPT)

"How do I look?"

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Two Million Missing Volunteers

In a showdown with Communism the West will lack the aid of India's fighting races—a result of having made Colonialism its Number One target

GEORGE WINDER

Probably you know very little about the Sikhs, although some of you may have seen them directing the traffic in Hong Kong or Singapore. They are all well-built, handsome men who wear picturesque turbans and never cut their hair, so that they grow long beards which they curl up under their chins. If you have thought of them at all, you probably believe that they are just one of the races of India.

The truth is that their distinguishing feature is not race but religion —a Puritan religion in which each man looks upon himself as a soldier of God, and wears a steel band on his wrist to remind him of his martial faith. The Sikhs speak of themselves as the "Brotherhood of the Elect."

The Bible of the Sikhs, which they call the "Granth Sahib," was in former days carried into battle before them like the Ark of the Covenant. Even today, this custom is not completely forgotten. Yeats-Brown —whom you may remember as the author of *Bengal Lancer*—tells how he met a unit of the Sikhs in Italy, who carried their sacred book among their baggage, encased in a special box and cushioned in precious silks.

There are fewer than six million Sikhs in the world. Not a very great people, you may think, but what is important about them is that, during the last war, they put some 300,000 trained soldiers in the field for the Allied cause. The British have always found the Sikhs the bravest and staunchest allies any people can have.

Probably, also, you do not know very much about the Punjab, where it freezes in winter and burns like a furnace in summer, so that weaklings cannot survive. Yet, during the last war, the Punjab put into the field alongside the Allies three-quarters-of-a-million troops. Among them were the Tiwanas, who believe that they are descended from the horse soldiers of Alexander the Great and who once served only in the cavalry, but who gave up their beloved horses to handle tanks so that they might not be absent from the battle.

Then there are the other races of India who fought alongside us in the last war—the Rajputs, who have been great soldiers since the dawn of history; the proud Mahrattas, who once ruled half India; the Dogras, the Garwalis, the Patans, the Jats, the Beluchis, the Dekhani Moslems, and the Madrassi. Speaking eight different languages, yet receiving their orders in English, all these—although you may not have realized it very clearly —were among the allies of the American people during the last war, to the total of two million well-armed and trained fighting men. All volunteers.

In Two World Wars

Great Britain knows them well, and their services she can hardly overestimate. In both world wars Indian troops helped to give the British the time they always need so desperately. Within a matter of weeks from the commencement of World War I, 21 cavalry regiments and 68 battalions of Indian infantry were alongside the French and the professional British Army, holding the Germans while Kitchener's recruits were being trained for the conflict.

Later, these Indian troops were transshipped to Asia Minor, where they helped to destroy the Turkish Army at Shargut and so established the Arab states which Russia is now arming.

During the last war Indian troops took a great part in the battle of El Alamein, which, for the British Army, was the turning point of the war, and which saved the Suez Canal. They fought in Eritrea, Abyssinia, Syria, Burma, and along the coast of North Africa until they joined up with the Americans in Tunis. They fought in Sicily and Italy. The 4th Indian Division was at Cassino, alongside the 34th and 36th U.S. Divisions, together with the British, the New Zealanders, the French and the Poles.

But in a Third?

But why do I recall this history of the past? Interesting perhaps—and glorious—but has it anything to do with the problems of America at the present time? Yes. I think it has; for, if there is a third world war, and the Americans have to fight for Western civilization with conventional weapons, we must face the very regrettable fact that some old and faithful allies of the past will be missing.

The bugles will sound for the Sikhs, the Rajputs, the Mahrattas, and the other fighting races of India, but this time they will sound in vain. No, not quite in vain, for in his lonely fastnesses of the Himalayas the faithful Gurkha will hear the call, even though it comes from half-a-world away. And he will answer. This most staunch of all Britain's allies will probably have to be flown from Nepal, where the British have a recruiting depot, so as not to traverse Nehru's neutral India. Perhaps ten battalions of Gurkhas, than whom no finer fighting men exist, will be all that is left to the West of the two million soldiers of the Army of India.

I have described the next war as one for Western civilization. What have the fighting races of India to do with that? It will be a struggle for human freedom everywhere against atheistic Communism. In one thing the races of India and Western

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Europe stand on common ground. They all, in their several ways, worship God. But, alas, the India of Jawaharlal Nehru will see to it that, in the war against Communist atheism, we shall not have the help of two million Indian soldiers. Instead, we shall be offered the friendship of neutral India—for what that may be worth.

New American Responsibility

The loss of the help the Indian Army could give us is, of course, the direct result of the retreat of the British from India. I am not for one moment suggesting that this retreat should not have taken place. What must be, must be. India, though not united, could form two more-or-less united groups; and the destiny of the British in India appeared to be fulfilled. All I am saying is that the dissolution of the British Empire in India is casting new responsibilities on the American people—responsibilities they cannot shirk if the American way of life is to survive. A loss of the assistance of two million fighting allies makes a difference to every home, both in Europe and America, for some day these men may have to be replaced.

Already Great Britain is facing the consequences of that loss. Her Army must now be stretched over a very great distance. Within the last two years her men have fought within the Aden Protectorate and on the Persian Gulf, and she has had to establish a large base in East Africa. Peace in all these areas was once the job of the Indian Army. Already, armed with Russian guns, the Arab States threaten to drive the British altogether out of the Middle East.

In the Far East also the loss of Indian troops is being felt. The British are retreating from Singapore and Malaya, where Gurkhas once stood firm alongside British and Dominion units. Singapore, which is now independent, is 90 per cent Chinese, and riddled with Communism. Before long, under the influence of China, it may join up with the Communists of Indonesia, and the road will be open to Australia.

It was the existence of the Indian Army, under the control of Great Britain, which kept turbulent Asia quiet for generations, but now that army is no longer feared. The fact is that the dissolution of the British Empire is having some very unpleasant repercussions, which those most anxious to hasten its end have not considered.

Communism and Colonialism

I have no desire to attempt the impossible task of convincing Americans who may wish to see the end of the British Empire that they may be overhasty in their judgment. Indeed, it would do little good if I did, for the majority of the British people seem to agree with them. All I ask is that they decide on a system of priorities. Would it not be wise to destroy Communism before completing the destruction of Colonialism? When the great task of destroying Communism has been accomplished, it will be a very simple matter to put an end to what is left of the British Empire. After all, the destruction of Colonialism has been going on apace ever since the end of the war, but we have not had anything like the same success with Communism. Sometimes it has even filled the vacuum the retreat of Colonialism has created, and may be expected to do so still more widely with the passing of time.

The Western World must pay dearly for the loss of the two million troops of the fighting races of India that Colonialism once brought to its aid. Their loss is irreparable; but there are still a few colonial troops left, and the British Empire still holds a few strong points throughout the world which it can place at the disposal of the West if the worst comes to the worst.

Of course, if the showdown with Communism takes the form of a swift decision by atomic warheads, colonial garrisons and strong points will not be required. But no nation used gas in the last war, and perhaps no nation will use atomic bombs in the next.

Colonialism and Communism can both be destroyed if America and Great Britain attack them in the right order, and keep to the sound strategy of fighting on one front at a time. If we destroy Colonialism first, we may find that our success has placed the destruction of Communism beyond our powers.

TOO MUCH AND TOO MANY

(*Continued from p. 520*)

marked one evening: If I were running the show, I would fire everybody now in it; dismantle the whole structure; and then get six first-class men who know the score, give them each a comfortable, quiet office with subscriptions to the *New York Times* and the *Economist*; and forbid all committee assignments.

He was neither joking nor exaggerating. I know several dozen private persons in this country and Europe—and there are doubtless several hundred others whom I do not know—who have a far better record than our huge official agencies on such matters of high-level political intelligence as I listed above, and whose total apparatus consists of their desks, personal libraries and correspondence, and a couple of filing cabinets.

Knowing the Score

A dim realization of the irrelevance of the colossal mechanism leads periodically to the creation of small "integrating" groups like CIA's National Estimates Board, the State Department's Policy Planning staff, and the National Security Council. But these are stultified by the system of which they are an expression, and also by the kind of individuals who compose them.

For that is the second cause of our failures in political intelligence. It is entrusted, at the coordinating top, to the wrong *kind* of men: to men who—though some of them are able, hard-working and loyal—*do not know the score*, do not, as one says, "know what it's all about." This is a defect of will as much as of brains. They do not see, they *will* not see, that on *every* front of a world-wide and now more than world-wide theater an irreconcilable enemy fights continuously, with the unchanging objective of our total destruction. Not seeing that, they see nothing. And we as a nation select them for their posts, from the very top down, precisely because they will not see.

In our enemy's table of organization the top political intelligence committee is also the supreme ruler: the Presidium. The members of the Presidium, all its members, are men who know the score.

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The Decline of Partisanship

Why is today's student indifferent to politics? Because, says Mr. Buckley, the prevailing relativism leaves him no moral principle on which to act

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A year or so ago the Stanford University *Daily*, having done some routine editorializing on student apathy, one by one ticking off, and rejecting, the standard explanations for that apathy, arrived at a painful conclusion: "The only logical reason we can think of as the cause of student dullness is that we *are* dull."

The charge should be specified. Most students, I think, *have* become dull in their political aspect. That is to say, they are uninterested in the political world, and therefore uninteresting when they creak their minds to it. And too often those who are politically minded behave as though they had taken perpetual vows to banality. This may be the fault of our political system, where success seems more and more to require the ruthless suppression of intellectual or rhetorical discrimination (remember: Rockefeller, with those clichés, and with that mouth full of blintzes, is considered a comer!).

But I don't think students are, in fact, any less energetic now than they were in other years. The ergs they devote to daily existence are probably not fewer than at other times, perhaps more, since standards of nutrition have risen. The most highly neglected dimension of politics these days is politics as art, as entertainment, as melodrama. Get a really hot debate scheduled and students will come out of the woodwork to hear it. Let them anticipate either a) high forensic or dialectical skill (*e.g.*, Fred Rodell *v.* James Jackson Kilpatrick on the Supreme Court), or b) a crushing personal defeat for one or the other contestant (*e.g.*, McGeorge Bundy *v.* Allan Zoll on Academic Freedom); or c) a piquant personal situation (Owen Lattimore *v.* Freda Utley, on Was the IPR or wasn't it Communist dominated?). Sometimes the fires that are kindled at such meetings stay lit. But this is really what political life on the campus seems to have reduced to: a few spectaculars. One wonders why.

It persists in sounding just a little unreal, in the light of our own experience, but there it is: in the twenties and thirties (we are told) Ivy League debate teams exercised themselves before packed audiences in theaters in downtown Boston. Two law students at Yale, maddened by the foreign policy of Franklin Roosevelt, founded the America First Committee, which in two years enrolled fifteen million members. All of Columbia University turned out at a rally protesting the firing of Reed Harris as editor of the Columbia *Spectator*.

I did witness what evidently was the last gasp of campus-wide political consciousness, during my freshman year in 1946. The campus teemed with ideologues-on-the-march, who held the attention of the student body. I remember the undergraduate president of the American Veterans Committee, of all things, announcing *at a press conference* that it was by no means to be taken for granted that the AVC would countenance the

University's announced rise in the tuition rate—he and his executive committee would reflect on the matter, and pass judgment upon it in due course. And all this nonsense would be chronicled in apocalyptic headlines in the undergraduate paper!

But it did not last; ended, indeed, even before the year was out, and though there were some glorious political rows at Yale in the next few years, one had the feeling that they were sustained by an old battery, capable, still, of photoflash charges of energy, but left gasping for breath by such exorbitant demands on its waning powers.

And then came the more or less official epitaph: ours (at my age I am being only mildly presumptuous) is the Silent Generation.

Political Inactivity

It seems to me this generation has a lot to be silent about. An explicit objection was made last year by the Princeton seniors who recited their world-views in a volume called, by its editor, *The Unsilent Generation*. Everybody knows that one cannot loosen the tongue of an entire generation by merely producing a book, however talkative, by individual members of that generation; and anyway, those who read the externalizations of the dozen students who wrote the book may be prepared, given the circumstances, to settle for Silence. Murray Kempton has called *The Unsilent Generation* "the *Atlas Shrugged* of the liberals;" by which he means that the component parts of Liberalism are, in the words and thoughts of the typical contributor to this volume, taken to the same gruesome extreme to which Miss Ayn Rand drove the principles of individualism in her recent novel. (Bear in mind, hers was a novel, but the Princeton book was a transcription!)

It is not my intention to review the

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book, merely to say that although there were singular differences among the contributors (they had, after all, been selected by the editor as a cross section of the class), they did leave a corporate impression, and that impression relates to an inquiry into the political inactivity of the generation for which they speak. That impression, and it struck me forcibly, was one of egomania. If one's interest in oneself is obsessive, that helps to account for an impatience with activities at which public policy is the focal concern. There is, of course, personal gratification to be derived from shaping events. But a phenomenon of our age has been the vivid sense of personal remoteness from the mechanisms of public policy. Another phenomenon, the more important one, is the lack of conviction, and therefore the lack of partisanship, that has resulted from regnant philosophical notions about truth. Taken together, the two phenomena are enough to quieten the political impulses of most people.

The Evolution of Sentiment

It seems to me that there will not again be a robust political life in the undergraduate world until the student becomes convinced that it matters what he thinks about public problems. After the war the world appeared to be in flux, and from all over hands reached out, straining to leave individual marks on the clay, quick before it hardened. Students went about the campus weighed down by a macrocosmic concern for the human race. As ever, most of the nostrum-peddlers pointed Left: we must nationalize the railroads, inaugurate world government, throw our bombs into the sea, and so forth. But there were those who spoke out against all that, too. The point is, there was wide political concern, some of it with a wonderfully zany edge. One irrepressible senior, who did not care aught for ideology, but was bent on cashing in on these political impulses, announced that after graduation he would launch a firm, Foreign Relations, Inc., to take over, on a monthly fee basis, the foreign policy of sovereign states, the idea being to go at national objectives scientifically. ("I already have a client," he told me. "Pakistan. They want Kashmir back in two weeks. Told them it would take a month. What do they think I am, anyway?") It was generally believed that individual exertion, every point scored, every pamphlet distributed, every polemic delivered, contributed to the crystallization of a historical impulse. So the halls were full, the oratory urgent and animated, the journalism spirited.

And then, very soon, reality closed in. It became clear that student sentiment would not persuade a Tito to stay the execution of a Mihailovich; more, that student protest would not persuade the State Department to persuade Tito to spare Mihailovich; worse, that student sentiment would not persuade local congressmen to persuade the State Department to persuade Tito . . . and, since we are a pragmatic people, the question inevitably arose: If we are not going to have a visible influence on events

by our political agitations, are they worth our while? In other times the answer would have been a pretty emphatic Yes — a stubborn, idealistic refusal to concede the pointlessness, the irrelevance, of individual effort, together with the simple declaration that even if the uselessness of an effort were absolutely established, the ethical imperative is there—and we must fight, if only to have fought.

But to take such a view it is required that one feel deeply; and that, notoriously, the silent generation does not do.

Why? I think the answer lies in the prevailing view of things in the average college. We don't feel deeply because there are no fixed, acknowledged norms by which, taking the measure of our deviation, we feel deeply the need for reform. Those norms there are, are merely conventional. They are not — we are taught —rooted in the natural order. The big excitement at Yale a few weeks ago in connection with a protest addressed to Khrushchev against the handling of Boris Pasternak was over the question whether Americans were *morally licensed* to issue such an objection! If the Soviet Union persecutes its intellectuals for writing the truth, it is no different from a congressional committee's persecuting an intellectual for writing error. Truth? Error? These are strange words, atavistic words! Granted the average student can be counted on to smell out the phoniness of the argument that America is as guilty as the Soviet Union in the matter of bringing intellectuals to heel: left to their own devices common sense would drive them to the acknowledgment of a qualitative difference between say, Columbia's handling of Gene Weltfish, and Russia's of Shostakovitch. Still, they wonder what is the theoretical base from which to talk back to the proposition that Persecution is Persecution, and that's all there is to it? They grope because prevailing preoccupations are with method, not substance; and so by a little dialectic artfulness, *i.e.*, by a properly measured ascent up the ladder of generalization, one can group together the treatment of Pasternak and Lattimore under the classification: The Showing of Displeasure by an Agency of Government Toward an Intellectual. Completely irrelevant is the cause of the government's displeasure, or the legitimacy of the government whose displeasure is incurred. If evil and good are merely conventional words, the student is left only with the fact of harassment to weigh; not the provocation of it. (How might a conservative make the distinction? By recalling, simply, *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.* And letting the chips fall where they may.)

When Method Rules

How can one feel passionately about method? And what is it other than method that one is encouraged, in relativist academic surroundings, to feel passionately about? There was much more excitement over Senator McCarthy's methods (did he or did he not, in his interrogation of Civil Servant Jones, observe approved methods of interrogation?) than over the putative revelations that ensued upon the interrogation (did Civil Servant Jones in fact whisk away that

(*Continued on p.* 527)

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The Open Question

Hiroshima Saved Japan

Was it militarily unnecessary and morally wrong to employ the A-Bomb against Japan? Mr. Evans enters the controversy with some interesting arguments

MEDFORD EVANS

The indefensibility of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima is becoming a part of the national conservative creed; and I for one want to register a dissent. I have in mind, for example, Harry Elmer Barnes' argument in NATIONAL REVIEW [May 10, 1958], in which he contends that the bombing was unnecessary for a quick conclusion of the war against Japan, and that the decision to proceed with it anyhow was objectively beneficial to the Soviet Union—and may even have been so intended. The first of these propositions is specious, while the second—which, to be sure, is urged only by implication—is fantastic.

1. *As to whether the bombing of Hiroshima was necessary to end the war quickly—*

It is known that certain American leaders, such as General Douglas MacArthur, would have attempted to negotiate a peace with the Japanese sooner than was done, perhaps as early as February 1945; others, such as General George C. Marshall, insisted on complete subjugation of the Japanese, which it was cautiously estimated would require until 1948 or 1949, and which was in no case expected sooner than 1946.

It is known that a peace party in Japan, encouraged perhaps by the Emperor, was active by late 1944, seeking an honorable way to surrender; there was at the same time a war party, dedicated to national victory or national death.

Had the conciliatory groups had full power in their respective countries, then of course peace could have been arranged sooner. It happened, however, that the more intransigent forces in each country prevailed *until* the use of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima. The bomb made it possible for Japan to capitulate and impossible for the Allies to reject the capitulation.

Professor Barnes may be rightly distressed that the war was not concluded six months before the time when the atomic bomb was used, but he is surely mistaken to ignore the probability that without the use of the bomb the war would have lasted six months longer than it did. Granted that the Japanese were beaten before Hiroshima (perhaps they were beaten before Pearl Harbor), it was possible for this fact to be concealed, it was concealed, and it might have been concealed longer, except for Hiroshima.

Japanese Resistance

One forgets how universally the belief was accepted that the Japanese would never surrender. A few superior students of the Orient, such as General MacArthur, Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias, perhaps Professor Barnes, may have known that Japanese tradition *did* permit surrender, provided it was understood to be the will of heaven, voiced by the Emperor. But how could any such understanding be achieved? The difficulties facing the peace party in Japan were enormous.

Arthur Compton relates, in *Atomic Quest*, how a palace revolt by military officers came within an ace of blocking the surrender even after the Emperor's voice had been phonographically recorded announcing to the nation acceptance of the Allied terms. A Japanese officer told the late Dr. Karl Compton in Yokohama a week after V-J Day that, had the war continued and an Allied invasion occurred, "We would have kept on fighting until all Japanese were killed." (*Atlantic Monthly*, December 1946.)

The costly and bloody knife and napalm contests on Iwo Jima and Okinawa demonstrated the character of Japanese resistance once personal combat was engaged. These islands were taken well after the time (January 1945) when Professor Barnes says "the Japanese had become convinced that they had lost the war"; yet the taking cost seventy thousand American and many more Japanese casualties. Arthur Compton, citing the Japanese statesman Toshikazu Kase and the journalist Masuo Kato, concludes: "My impression is that the Japanese Army would have found it difficult to accept surrender on any terms. . . . In what other nation would there have been developed an attack corps of kamikazes who would drive their planes loaded with bombs directly into the enemy's ships? . . . In what other nation would bamboo spears have been issued to old men, women, and children for home defense?"

The psychological efficacy of the atomic bomb was in its seemingly impersonal character. President Truman's announcement of the bombing of Hiroshima declared: "The force from which the sun draws its power has been loosed against those who brought war to the Far East." The atomic bomb, said the President, was "a harnessing of the basic power of the universe."

To yield to such power was no disgrace, but was—who could be sure that it was not?—a duty. "The unique and probably crucial value of the atomic bomb," says Arthur Compton, "was that it afforded the Japanese people an opportunity to resign from the war *with honor*." (Compton's italics.)

Japan was beaten—her back broken—before Hiroshima. But she still

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breathed defiance. The peace-loving Premier Suzuki issued a statement on July 28, 1945 that the Potsdam Declaration was unworthy of notice. "The Japanese armies were then estimated," says James F. Byrnes in *Speaking Frankly*, "at about five million—an estimate we later found was quite accurate. Secretary Forrestal had told me that the Japanese air force suicide attacks were increasing our losses in ships and in human lives. These attacks gained in intensity the closer we got to Japan; it was certain that an invasion force would be attacked with far greater fury and recklessness. The military experts informed us that, from the facts at their disposal, they believed our invasion would cost us a million casualties, to say nothing of those of our Allies and the enemy."

Beaten but Unbowed

This judgment of Japanese capability, inseparable from a judgment of their determination, was crucial. It seems to have been accepted in Washington, and not merely by General Marshall. It was July 13, 1945 when Forrestal wrote in his diary: "The first real evidence of a Japanese desire to get out of the war came today." This evidence consisted of intercepted messages between Foreign Minister Togo and Japanese Ambassador to Moscow Sato. The latter offered no hope via Russia, and urged surrender. "The response to his message," wrote Forrestal on July 24, "was that the [Japanese] Cabinet in council had weighed all the considerations which he had raised and that their final judgment and decision was that the war must be fought with all the vigor and bitterness of which the nation was capable so long as the only alternative was the unconditional surrender."

These intercepted and decoded messages were the hottest information in Washington on the subject of Japanese intentions. The secret offers of January 1945, presented by Professor Barnes, are indeed impressive. But it does not follow from them, as he contends, that the bottom is knocked out from under President Truman's statement that the use of the atom bomb was "urgent and necessary" six months later; for here is the most direct proof possible that months after the secret offers in question, the responsible Japanese ministry were sincerely determined not to make an unconditional surrender.

Nations, like individuals, live and die by words. "Unconditional surrender" was the sticking point. We could not abandon it; the Japanese could not accept it. The most that could be hoped, and was hoped, by moderates on both sides was that it might be defined. This was difficult, it took time, and perhaps more than time.

Need for Lubrication

What the situation required was, in the rather extraordinary language of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey, "lubrication." Today, it is easy enough to say that we were wrong in insisting on unconditional surrender at all; it is easy for many of us to say that this is another instance of the irresponsible demagoguery of Franklin Roosevelt. Yet in this case, certainly, Franklin Roosevelt personified the American general will. The use of quotation marks and the discovery of dramatic irony do not alter the fact that there had indeed been a day of infamy (and, by the way, inculpating Roosevelt in it does not exculpate the Japanese from it), and the American people were of no mind in the summer of 1945 to require less from the perpetrators of Pearl Harbor than had just been exacted from Germany.

Granting that Roosevelt should have paid more attention to MacArthur before Yalta, Truman was faced with a situation in which:

1. Japan must be thoroughly defeated.

2. Japan would not surrender.

3. An invasion would involve a hideous extravagance of blood and goods. Upon this Gordian knot of difficulties there fell like the sword of Alexander the fateful lightning of Hiroshima.

The same Japanese government which had scornfully rejected the Potsdam Declaration on July 28, nine days before Hiroshima, indicated their readiness to accept it on August 10, four days after Hiroshima.

The statement of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey seems a minimum conclusion: "Although the atomic bombs changed no votes of the Supreme War Direction Council concerning the Potsdam terms, they did foreshorten the war and expedite the peace."

By how much? Who knows? Arthur Compton, citing the *New York Times* of July 15, 1945, records that twenty-five U.S. and Australian war correspondents then on Guam arrived at a consensus that June 1946 was a good guess for the end of the war. Compton relates, too, how he was asked by newsmen in Japan in 1954, "Why did you drop the atomic bomb on Japan?" (The "you" was personal in effect, since Compton was one of three top scientific directors of the atomic bomb project.)

"Would you have preferred," replied Compton, "that we should have let the war run its normal course without using the bomb?"

There was then silence for a space in the press conference, and the subject was changed. Later, the Japanese reporter approached Compton with the apology: "I am sorry that I asked you that question. Had it not been for the bomb, the fighting would have continued. We would have kept fighting until the bitter end. I would not, in that case, be here to ask you the question."

2. *As to possible veiled motives for the bombing—*

For thirteen years now denunciations of the bombing of Hiroshima have emanated from Japan far less regularly than from the Soviet Union. The reason is plain. Hiroshima saved Japan not only from the bitter choice between shameful capitulation and merciless attrition, but also from joining Manchuria, Korea, and China in a Red Empire of the East. Had the war continued another six months who can doubt that the joint occupation of Berlin would have been followed by a joint occupation of Tokyo? Such a prospect began to disturb Washington in the late spring of 1945. Apparently it was Averell Harriman who first suggested at the decision-making level that the difficulty with the Russians would be not to bring them into the war against Japan, but to keep them out.

After a Cabinet meeting on August 10, 1945 to consider the Japanese bid to accept the Potsdam Declaration, Forrestal noted in regard to our answer: "Both the President and the Secretary of State [Byrnes] empha-

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sized the fact that they had used the term 'Supreme Commander' rather than 'Supreme Command' so that it would be quite clear that the United States would run this particular business and avoid a situation of composite responsibility such as had plagued Germany."

I must say it seems odd that American critics of President Truman should not only *not* deny that Forrestal was right about this, but should actually seize upon this singularly creditable exercise of judgment and loyal determination as a source of reproach. Professor Barnes writes "that the main purpose in using the atomic bombs on Japan was not military at all, but diplomatic, and that the real target was not Japan but Russia." I am reminded of a once popular song: "Is There Anything Wrong in That?"

It has probably not been realized explicitly enough that Hiroshima was not only the means, as it happened, of pre-empting from the Soviets the postwar authority in Japan, but the basis of the kind of world hegemony which the United States rather enjoyed from V-J Day in 1945 to, let us say, the fiasco of Suez and the tragedy of Budapest in 1956.

American prestige was the salient feature of the postwar world, and it was strangely due to Hiroshima. "The advent of the atomic bomb," wrote Henry Stimson, "has been interpreted as a substantial offset to the growth of Russian influence on the continent." It could hardly have been expected that this would be pleasing to the Soviet World. C. L. Sulzberger observed: "It is particularly humiliating to Moscow that . . . orders in the occupied zone should be given by General MacArthur."

Yet it was not Communists, it was, as Professor Barnes reminds us, Norman Cousins and Thomas K. Finletter who first asked deprecatorily, "Can it be that we were more anxious to prevent Russia from establishing a claim for full participation in the occupation against Japan than we were to think through the implications of unleashing atomic warfare?" *Saturday Review*, June 15, 1946.) Recalling how far Mao Tse-tung's own estimate of 800,000 Chinese liquidated by the Red Terror exceeds any estimate of Japanese casualties from the atomic bomb, there seems to be no cause for moral embarrassment in answering, "It could be."

It was the pro-Soviet British physicist P.M.S. Blackett who in 1948 gave the classic expression of the view that the atomic bombing of Japan was "a clever and highly successful move in the field of power politics."

"One can imagine," wrote Blackett, "the hurry with which the two bombs —the only two existing—were whisked across the Pacific to be dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki just in time, but only just, to insure that the Japanese Government surrendered to American forces alone."

It was the American Arthur Compton who commented: "Even if this hypothesis were correct, it does not seem to me reprehensible."

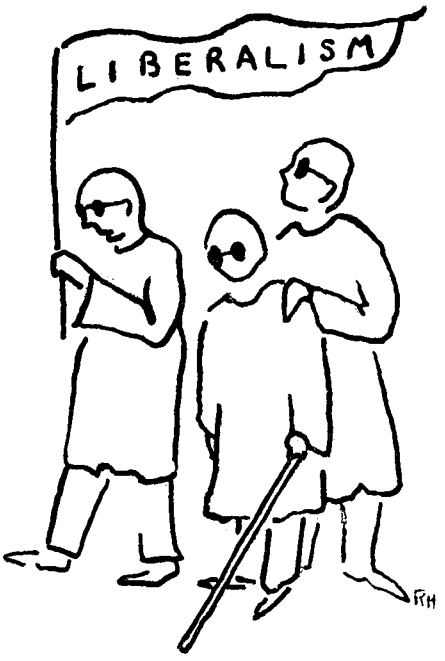
What is fantastic in Professor Barnes' argument is that he combines a standard right-wing attack on Yalta, where unnecessary concessions were made in order to bring Russia into the Japanese war, with a standard left-wing attack on the United States for using the atomic bomb in order to keep Russian influence out of postwar Japan. I happen to believe that both the right-wingers and the left-wingers have their main facts straight. If so, then the national interest was poorly served at Yalta and well served at Hiroshima. Hiroshima was, among other things, a reversal of Yalta. Truman was a fast man with a decision, God help us all for some of them! But shall we charge him with his errors and not score his hits? The decision to bomb Hiroshima was tragic in the sense that a *coup de grâce* must be tragic. It was the end of a tragedy. But it was not without compassion, not without hope.

THE DECLINE OF PARTISANSHIP

(*Continued from p. 524*)

atomic secret?). There are many more allusions, on college campuses, to the fact that Salazar governs undemocratically—than to the fact that he governs well. (Can't you hear it? —"How *can* you govern well if you don't govern democratically?") The central concern of higher liberal education being for method, *qua* method, the excitement, when there is any, is over method: over Democracy (not "is democracy yielding desirable results?"); over Academic Freedom (not "is academic freedom advancing the truth?"); over Scientific Method (not "how reliable is it?"); over Education (not "what shall we teach?").

Democracy has no eschatology: no vision, no fulfillment, no point of arrival. Neither does academic freedom. Both are merely instruments,



the one supposed to induce a harmonious society, the second supposed to advance knowledge. Now let me say that I, for one, would not willingly die for "democracy," any more than I would willingly die for "academic freedom." I do understand the disposition to die for the kind of society democracy sometimes ushers in; and I do understand the disposition to die in behalf of some of the truths academic freedom may have been instrumental in apprehending. There is the difference. And it is not lost on the undergraduate that there is no Liberal vision. And so long as there is not, there is no call for that kind of passionate commitment that stirs the political blood.

There are two extant political dreams: one is the Communist's, the other the conservative's. The former's is highly particularized; the latter's is not, and because it is not, conservatives, everywhere, are disorganized and incoherent. But they are stirring. Whereas the large majority of students, angled toward liberalism, are silent; because they have nothing very much to say.

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Ironic Era: T.R. to F.D.R.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The image of Theodore Roosevelt, the "Colonel" from Oyster Bay, has been somewhat obscured throughout the past two decades by that of our seemingly more significant and important four-term President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt of Hyde Park. And, for good or ill, the current judgment of the historians would seem to be irreversible.

Certainly the recent crop of books about T.R., though they make fascinating reading for students of character, fail to establish the superior economic or political acumen of the promoter of the Square Deal. In a new edition of *The Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt*, condensed by Wayne Andrews from the original and supplemented with excerpts from T.R.'s speeches and letters (Scribner, $4.95), we listen once again to the Colonel's denunciation of Woodrow Wilson for saying that "the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of government power, not the increase of it." That was Theodore Roosevelt's "progressivism" in 1912, a "progressivism" that may properly be considered the forerunner of a New Deal that was to put its faith in such things as the NRA and governmental rigging of agricultural prices. F.D.R., in retrospect, seems closer to the Square Deal of his cousin than to the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson.

The strange confusions of a "progressivism" that did not know whether to exalt the State or limit it are present on every page of Amos Pinchot's posthumously published *History of the Progressive Party 1912-1916*, which has been edited with a biographical introduction by Helene Maxwell Hooker (New York University Press, $7.50). This is "inner history" by one of its participants and makers. But what a queer episode the whole adventure in Bull Moose "progressivism" was! It was an adventure in which personalities, not principles, dominated from the very moment that Senator La Follette of Wisconsin was sidetracked as the leading Insurgent Republican candidate for the Presidency.

As Amos Pinchot inadvertently makes plain, there was little reason for a Third Party crusade in 1912 once the Democrats had nominated the eminently liberal Woodrow Wilson. Beyond that, however, the Trust Busters among the Republican insurgents of the time (and they certainly included Amos Pinchot) lacked a case for opposing a second term for President Taft. Although Taft was a temperamental conservative who had not been pertinacious in carrying forward T.R.'s conservation policies, he loyally stuck to the anti-trust program which he was pledged to support. It was during his term of office that Attorney General George W. Wickersham indicted the United States Steel Corporation for alleged monopolistic practices.

If it be granted that there ever was a case against United States Steel (the U.S. Supreme Court eventually gave the Corporation a clean bill of health on the monopoly issue), then Taft should have been commended for his instinct for the jugular. But in spite of Taft's anti-trust record, Amos Pinchot and his brother Gifford, along with William Allen White and a whole host of insurgents, stood at Armageddon with Roosevelt and battled lustily to throw Taft to the wolves. Strangely, they let George Perkins, a Morgan partner and a director of the United States Steel Corporation, pay most of the Progressive Party's bills. And just as strangely, they let Mr. Perkins delete from the Progressive Party platform a commendation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Amos Pinchot was an outspoken opponent of Big Business in the years of Republican insurgency. Yet he was equally against Socialism. He perceived that T.R's hopes of "regulating" the so-called "good Trusts" would involve the creation of an immense federal bureaucracy. Years later, in 1933, he turned against Franklin Roosevelt on the very issue of the Statism which such devices as the NRA and the AAA demanded. Since he did not think that "trusts" could be regulated without invoking the tyranny of government price fixing, why, then, did he support the 1912 "progressivism"? The answer is that he was caught up in the personalities of the times like all the rest. He "went along" with T.R.'s Progressivism because of his brother Gifford, the conservationist, who was a T.R. man on the issue of government safeguarding of natural resources. Amos Pinchot tried to fight the George Perkins influence on the Progressive Party from within. But in four years of trying he got nowhere. He himself didn't break with the Bull Moosers until Roosevelt walked out on the other Progressives in 1916 to support the Republican candidate, Charles Evans Hughes.

READING ABOUT the cross-purposes and the tremendous confusions of pre-World War I Progressivism, one can only reflect on the strange ironies of history. No federal action was ever taken against the United States Steel Corporation, either to break it up or regulate it, yet despite this—or was it perhaps because of it?—"Big Steel" slowly declined in power to the point where it eventually held only 33 per cent of the steel market instead of sixty-six. Meanwhile, the swift improvements in steel-making techniques (the continuous strip mill, automatic loading, and so on) made life easier for the steel workers and provided a productivity that could afford higher wages. And just two

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scant years after T.R.'s Progressives fought at "Armageddon" to give the worker a better break by methods which the politicians were unable to specify, Henry Ford came along with his five-dollar day. High wages were, of course, translated into more consumption and lower prices, until consumer capitalism became the American reality.

So what was the big political battle of 1912 actually all about? Why was it necessary? And why did Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1933, think he had to apply primitive 1912 methods to cure a depression which was a reflex of the world's inability to digest World War I? The only valid answer to this latter question is that the political mind is generally incapable of realizing that it is social power, not political power, that unleashes the forces of creativity in a people. All the political power can do is either to steal from others or to apply the brake.

When the history of the two Roosevelts is written from a vantage point which will telescope their two epochs into one, which figure will bulk the larger? Since the times of the second Roosevelt were the more portentous because of the magnitude of the 1929 depression and the vast scale of World War II, no doubt his actions will fill more pages in the history textbooks. Insofar as quality of judgment is concerned, both Roosevelts reacted to crises in the same way, by applying Hamiltonian centralist policies at home and by pushing for needless adventurism abroad.

But if F.D.R. will loom the larger quantitatively, and if the score on qualitative statecraft is about even, it is T.R. who will certainly have the definite moral edge. Indeed, a book such as *T.R.: Champion of the Strenuous Life*, a photographic biography of Theodore Roosevelt compiled and annotated by William Davison Johnston (Farrar, $3.75), makes it plain that the first Roosevelt's greatest virtue is that of a moral teacher. He lived his private life as everyone should endeavor to live, strenuously, lovingly, zestfully and decently. As for his public life, even when he was deluded in it he was always open and honest. If he was for war, he proclaimed himself unequivocatingly. If he hated someone, he said so. If he acted in a high-handed way, as he did in the Panama Canal matter, he did not make excuses. And he did not nurse grudges.

Because of his openness and his forthrightness, the U.S. was respected in the years of T.R.'s Presidency. Our citizens could travel abroad knowing that their rights would be protected. One cannot imagine Theodore Roosevelt sitting quiet for twenty-four hours waiting for the Japanese to strike the opening blow in a war which he knew was timed for the next day. One cannot imagine him humiliating a Douglas MacArthur or settling for a draw in Korea. Nor would the author of that imperative demand, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," have permitted a Fidel Castro to seize and use Americans as unwilling buffers against bombing in a local insurrection.

T.R. will live as a moral influence after the economics of both Roosevelts have faded from sight.

The Admiral Speaks His Mind

MORTIMER SMITH

If you are the type that enjoys producing apoplectic effects, try praising Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover to almost any group of school administrators or professors of education. The reason why the collective blood pressure of the educationists hits new highs at mention of the Admiral are set forth cogently in his book, *Education and Freedom* (Dutton, $3.50).

Although on some scores he should please the functionaries of the National Education Association and the U.S. Office of Education—he is for increased expenditures, better salaries, and gives the nod to federal aid—on most matters he runs counter to the massive orthodoxy that now dominates and colors public education in the United States. In the first place he is a non-professional—and everyone knows, from having been told it for years by the educationists, that education is far too esoteric a subject to be comprehended by those who have not been exposed to courses in it; and secondly, in a time when we are constantly assured that education's true function is the social and personal adjustment of young people, he remains an unreconstructed advocate of education as training of the mind, and of the idea that schools should make such training their primary function.

How comes it that a Navy career man is so excited about the state of education? The Admiral explains that his interest arose from his rueful experiences in recruiting trained manpower for the research projects he has conducted in the field of nuclear power. He found that many of the applicants for jobs reflected in their training the tendency of American education to emphasize "factual know-how at the cost of absorbing fundamental principles, just as it stresses conditioning of behavior at the cost of developing the ability to think independently." As a scientist and engineer, responsible for an important development affecting national security, he came to the conclusion that Russia's technological progress leaves us no choice but to revise many of our attitudes and as-

Paperbacks and Pamphlets of Special Interest to Conservatives

National Aid to Higher Education, by George C. S. Benson and John M. Payne (American Enterprise Association, Washington, D.C., $1.00)

The Black Book on Red China, by Edward Hunter (The Bookmailer, $2.00)

Why Not Try Freedom? by Leonard E. Read (The Foundation for Economic Education, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y., single copy free)

The Hope of the World, by Dan Smoot (Miller Publishing Co., Dallas, Texas, $2.00)

From Major Jordan's Diaries, by George Racey Jordan (The Bookmailer, $2.00)

The Continuing Struggle—Communist China and the Free World, by Richard L. Walker (Athene Press, $2.00)

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sumptions, and in no field more than in education. Contrary to what his critics charge, Admiral Rickover does not advocate the transplanting of Russian education to this country, but feels that we must adopt the *attitude* of Russia, and of most European countries, that education is serious business and calls for sustained hard work.

The book, which consists largely of addresses made during the past four years, is divided into two sections, both relating to his thesis that there must be a serious restoration of purpose in American education if we are to retain our traditional freedoms. The first part deals with the technological adjustments that must be made in a future, overcrowded world where our energy resources will have seriously dwindled. Solutions, says Admiral Rickover, can only be made by men whose education has disciplined and toughened their minds and imaginations.

The second part is largely a graphic description, with a plentitude of examples, of the shoddy theories and practices that have been foisted on the American public by professional educators. This section of the book is an eloquent, even devastating, refutation of the now famous ukase of the Educational Policies Commission of the NEA to the effect that "there is no aristocracy of 'subjects' . . . mathematics and mechanics, art and agriculture, history and homemaking are all peers." The Admiral is telling parents and laymen that this kind of nonsense and the men responsible for it had better be rejected now if we expect to survive in competition with those who know that in matters of the mind some things *are* better than others. He believes that the battle for quality in education is not easily won, warning that "powerful leaders of American public education who have a vested interest in continuance of the *status quo*, whose jobs may even depend on it, have so far shown that they are more interested in retaining their positions and justifying their practices than in joining the American people in a thorough reorganization of our educational system."

The book is not all attack. Aside from the usual admonitions to the reader to alert his local school board and the PTA to what is going on, the author has two specific suggestions for reform. One is the organization of twenty-five demonstration schools, on an experimental basis, that would attempt to show that superior students can complete their total pre-college education in a shorter period than they do now. These schools would be similar to the old Townsend Harris High School in New York, an accelerated school which the late Fiorello La Guardia helped to liquidate on the grounds that it was undemocratic to be bright. The Admiral's other suggestion is for the setting up of a private Council of Scholars that would fix national standards for the high-school diploma as well as for the scholastic competence of teachers.

THIS IS a hard-headed, uncompromising, and sensible book that, because of the author's prestige, should have considerable effect on lay opinion about education and schools. One wishes that the Admiral would more often speak a kind word for education as cultivation of the mind for its own sake, as a private experience that provides the recipient with some inner resources that enable him to live with himself. There can be, however, no gainsaying that education today must in part shape its content and purpose in conformity with the national interest.

It is ironic that Admiral Rickover operates from a dingy office in Washington, a left-over from the days of wartime emergency, while the huge National Education Association (which represents everything the Admiral deplores) has just completed a multi-million-dollar glass palace which is one of the showplaces of the capital. But the Admiral is a David not easily intimidated by Goliaths, as he has shown by the manner in which he has bucked the big brass in building nuclear power plants and pushing to completion the first nuclear-powered submarine. The NEA had better watch all those windows—there's a man with an intellectual slingshot in the neighborhood.

Men and Ideas

Thoughts on Eric Voegelin

WILLMOORE KENDALL

MAN, according to an old wives' tale on which we were all brought up, has an incurable tendency to "anthropomorphize" the gods he invents, to attribute to them merely human qualities and characteristics and faculties, and so to confuse the "supernatural" with the "natural," the superhuman with the "merely human." One of the major theses of Eric Voegelin's *Order and History* is that this old wives' tale is the reverse of correct; that, on the record, man's besetting temptation is not at all to anthropomorphize his gods but to divinize himself; that, if anything, man is *ab initio* more or less right about the gods, whom he *never* thought of as being like himself, but completely wrong about himself.

But, Voegelin's thought continues, there is this element of truth in the tale: man reaches a crucial turning-point in his development on that day when he clarifies his relatedness to God. It is indeed a matter of getting the divine and the human, the transcendent and the world-immanent, pried apart, separated, in a fashion in which they had not been separated before. But man is capable of doing this only when his experience of God has reached the point where he ceases to attribute to himself qualities and characteristics and faculties of the divine other than the one which is truly his, namely: the capacity to "respond" to God, to "grow" in attunement to divine will through Revelation or Philosophy, and so to see *human nature* as it really is. Man "clarifies" his conception of God simultaneously with his conception of himself; the clarification comes, when it comes, through his experience of God; but what has to "give" most at the moment of clarification is man's conception of man.

This is a crucial moment in man's "history" because it is then that man "discovers" history, enters history, and begins to be able to think clearly

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about his role in history as a creator and preserver, under God, of "right order." Only, mark you, begins. Having entered history, man lives forever between two temptations. On the one hand, there is the temptation to repudiate his responsibilities as creator and preserver of order, to write off "politics" as unworthy of his attention; and this Voegelin believes to be the characteristic vice of Christian political thought and action. On the other hand, there is the temptation to redivinize history, to forget that the purpose for which man acts is outside history and cannot be within history, and so defeat himself, because, in forgetting that, he loses his capacity to see human events in proper perspective. He still, in fine, has much to learn: he must, steering a meticulous course between those two temptations, develop a *political science*, a theory of prudential action in history that will prevent him from channelling his efforts either into enterprises that are bound to fail or into enterprises that, if successful, will predictably prove incompatible with the purpose outside history that alone authorizes action.

We have, to date, only three volumes of Voegelin's *Order and History*, and these are given over mainly to an account of pre-Christian man's unfolding experience of the divine, his gradual discovery, *pari passu* with that experience, of human nature, and, in the third volume in particular, *Plato and Aristotle*, the initial stages of his development of a political science. But primarily it is something much more than the most skilled and learned of antiquarian enquiries. It is a profound analysis of the contemporary crisis of Western civilization *and* a courageous confrontation of the problem: What are we who value Western civilization, we who seem at the moment to be so few in number—what are we to do? Always, mind you, with tacit insistence on the point to which I have devoted the opening paragraphs of this review: only those who approach the crisis with that experience of God that truly underlies Western Civilization can hope to find an answer to the problem, because only they can pose it in terms of realities. The others, those who approach it without experience of God, cannot bring it into focus because the divinized "historical" in which they are steeped does not exist. They are the "sleepwalkers."

Plato and Aristotle, like the three great books to which most of its pages are devoted (Plato's *Republic*, Plato's *Laws*, Aristotle's *Politics*) is at one and the same time a summary of a certain phase of man's experience of God and of the problem of order. And it is, so to speak, a memorandum on political strategy to those who might conceivably be prepared to apply the truths of political science in the conditions of disorder that obtain in our world as in the Athens of Plato and Aristotle.

I can only suggest, in this brief space, what sort of thing Voegelin presents to us on this level of discourse. Not, let me hasten to say, any message of hope or optimism about the probable working-out of the present crisis—at least for our generations. ". . . those among us who find ourselves in the Platonic situation," he writes in one of his *obiter dicta*, "recognize in the men with whom we associate the intellectual pimps for power who will connive in our murder tomorrow"—which amounts, I take it, to a flat prediction that those to whom Voegelin is addressing himself must, in our time, expect to be murdered. Nor will he urge us on either in our continuing polemical fight against the Liberals or in our summons to the "West" for a crusade against World Communism (the former, he will assure us, won't get anywhere: "when the society in its broad mass is corrupt, [corruption] has become self-perpetuating through social pressure on the younger generation and, in particular, on the most gifted of [them] . . ."; as for the latter, it can only, in present circumstances, enhance the power of those pimps).

Nor does he show us an easy way out: in a situation of disorder, he will explain to us, there is *no* short-cut to the restoration of order: "political realism must operate through the [education and training] of men; and [that education and training can alone] secure social predominance for the [mature, good men]." In short: if right order is to be infused into society, this must come about through Revelation and Philosophy, proceeding always through persuasion. And again: Voegelin calls upon us to reconsider our whole strategy; to realize that the time to act will be, at soonest, after mass democracy has run its course; and to cultivate—Voegelin at least sets us the example—our books and our prayers.

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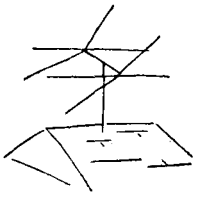
Suicide, you say—as this reviewer *wants* to say? Voegelin's answer appears to be: As for suicide, any way you move is going to be suicide; at best you choose between death at the hands of the Communists and death at the hands of mass democracy. The trouble lies deeper than the level of politics and political action in the normal sense of those terms, and—well, one more quote, and I have done: ". . . people are shocked by the horrors of war and by Nazi atrocities . . . [These] horrors are no more than a translation, to the physical level, of the spiritual and intellectual horrors which characterize progressive civilization in its 'peaceful' phase . . . [The] physical horrors are no more than the execution of the judgment passed upon the historical polity." *You* answer him.

Television

Beethoven for the Beatniks



GARRY WILLS

MOST OBJECTIONS to television are true, but beside the point. Its concerns are trivial; but the principal means of daily communication has always been trivial except in monasteries or dictatorships built on propaganda. Only those who have lived for some time without such a buffer for the brain can know how healthy it is. Pathologically frightened "experts" call the stylized fights on television pathologically violent. But these are the same men who want to abolish *Treasure Island, Jack and the Beanstalk,* and nuclear tests.

Those who regret the decline of folk wisdom and tradition should listen to the maxims of Ma Perkins and the other kind ladies of the afternoon. The soap opera is one of the few voices of the Western ethical tradition. The cowboy show is another. These stories, though often mawkish, are at least not pretentious; and their very lack of sophistication makes them rely on a basic love for stories which is ignored on the artistic programs and on today's stage. The heraldry of black mask and white horse, the use of *peripeteia* and climax, often makes the Lone Ranger's afternoon adventures more interesting than the still-life study of man on *Playhouse 90.*

Television is not a great art medium, nor does it pretend to be. But it is a fine source of amusement and relaxation, full of love stories and adventure stories, the raw material of poetry. There is, however, one entire category of programs which is false in its pretensions and harmful in its results. This is "educational TV," most of it aired on Sundays and praised in the newspapers on Mondays. We are reminded by the television critics what a wonderful age we live in, when we can see the *Oresteia* this week and *Wings of the Dove* next week. We can see real-life scenes of the Middle East while Ed Murrow drones an explanation of it all. And endless boards of unphotogenic experts on education sit around and wonder how to substitute more "panels" for "Westerns."

A GOOD EXAMPLE of the program which tries to combine education and TV, and destroys the virtues of each, is the Leonard Bernstein series on music. This series is not as boring as most, since Bernstein has the showman's combination of egotism and magnetism, and no good showman has scruples about "heightening" a particular subject for a particular audience. Thus we are given misleading extra-musical analogies — from Kierkegaard for the sophisticated Sunday audience, from fairy tales for the children. Not long ago we heard the Ninth Symphony on a program which should have been called "Beethoven for the Beat Generation." After an ecstatic description of Beethoven's life in lay-existentialist language, Bernstein played selected passages of the symphony as illustrations to his lecture. The Teutonic earthiness and common sense of the composer did not fit the conductor's theories about anguish, terror, and his own exotic personality, so the scherzo had to take on a "grisly and demonic humor." Its chuckles were strangled into gasps, its *tempi* surrealistically accelerated. The third movement—for many the climax of the symphony, and so performed by Furtwaengler—was merely given a nod. Then, as the camera moved in on the jitterbugging conductor, all of Kierkegaard's hell broke loose and was cleared away in the last movement. The Bernstein program on opera was even more absurd, and managed to convey more falsehoods than anything I have ever heard or read on the subject.

The latest boost to "culture" came during the presentation of the *Oresteia* in one-hour-minus-commercial-time. Although the audience was informed that "it is one of the world's great plays," they were not told that "it" is actually three plays, any one of which is longer than the scenes stitched together on this occasion. The thematic material was uniformly shorn away; the dialectic climax of trial and debate at Athens was entirely omitted. The chorus was represented by various screams and by unexplained faces superimposed on the principal scene. The magnificence of the ritual which *was* Greek drama disappeared in the intimate close-ups of perspiring actors in a little room full of lights.

What drama could be wrung from this situation was invented by the able performers, Christopher Plummer and Irene Worth. This might have been justified if the result had been entertaining. Fidelity to Aeschylus is not an absolute norm for judging such things. But the program was incredibly dull, and could only claim attention as presenting a great play by a Greek dramatist. This was a false claim; it left hypocrites like the television-reviewers thinking they understood Aeschylus, and honest

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viewers suspecting that Rod Serling writes much better drama than Aeschylus.

The "great plays course" conducted from Sunday to Sunday is, in short, like the Great Looks Course. It offers to "sell" knowledge in a "painless" form. All its shortcuts are perversions, all its promises lies. If listening to Beethoven or reading Aeschylus is painful to one, then one simply does *not* know them; and a painless hour with Leonard Bernstein or Christopher Plummer is no substitute for that knowledge. The ball game or a detective program would have been more rewarding.

I do not believe that watching the Lone Ranger will keep Johnny from reading great drama. But "great drama" on television is enough to drive any intelligent child to illiteracy.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE COMMUNIST WORLD AND OURS, by Walter Lippmann (Little Brown, $2.00). These columns of Mr. Lippmann's, which describe and comment on his interview with Khrushchev, were available to the readers of scores of American newspapers for 15 or 20 cents. Now that they have been slightly amplified, put between hard covers and placed on the market at two dollars a throw, the 54 pages of large-type text are not worth any more than they were then; and that is precisely nothing—unless two or three cents value is to be allowed for the light they cast on the working of Mr. Lippmann's mind. His error (like the error of too many of his betters) is to fail completely to understand that Communist actions proceed from the secular religion of Communism and that anything said to the unbeliever is said to him for reasons of tactics or of propaganda, not for his enlightenment. If Mr. Lippmann and the hordes of Soviet experts who infest the Establishment would recognize that the first principle of Communist politics is the destruction of all non-Communist civilization, what they write might have some relation to the reality of a world where a powerfully armed apocalyptic force is on the march, a force that knows not the pallid reasonableness of positivist Liberals.

F. S. MEYER

73 NORTH: THE DEFEAT OF HITLER'S NAVY, by Dudley Pope (Lippincott, $4.95). Mr. Pope, who has a definite talent for turning military history into entertaining reading, gives us here a fine example of a "two-level" story. Mainly, the book deals with a gallant but rather minor action in which four British destroyers beat off an attack by major German ships on a Russia-bound convoy. It is the sort of action of which wars are made, but which usually passes unnoticed. The incidental significance of this particular bit of heroism, in fact, passed unnoticed until after the war, when German records showed that Hitler was so infuriated by this failure of his big ships that he ordered them scrapped. Thus Mr. Pope's subtitle is not really an exaggeration, but an excellent restatement of a relevant lesson: that impressive military appliances have no intrinsic value. In war, the human factor, as ever, remains decisive.

J. P. MCFADDEN

PIONEER, GO HOME, by Richard Powell (Scribner's, $3.75). In one variant or another, this novel will probably be with us for several years to come. Its target is the broadening backside of government bureaucracy; its agonist, the Private Citizen; its story, the classless struggle between the Singular Taxpayer and the Plural State. Mr. Powell's heroes are the Kwimpers, a happy-go-lucky family of yokels who have been living on the government for years—or rather, as they see it, cooperating with those infinite Agencies which would be out of business without objects for Relief, Compensation, Disability Aid, etc. Returning from a vacation in Florida, they turn off on a new highway not yet open to the public, and forty miles along they run out of gas. No other cars appear, so after a day or two they improvise a camp. They have just begun to enjoy their own resourcefulness when a big, bad Road Commissioner comes along and indignantly orders them off. Then begins a siege. Of course, the Little Man wins out, since this is fiction, and of course, too, Mr. Powell is shrewd enough to know that the American public, though theoretically fed up with Mass-Government, is in practice still too happy with the prevailing economy to give a serious damn. Hence the Kwimpers are goofy simpletons, and the whole book is written in a backwoods dialect ("There warn't no skeeters") which betrays the subject entirely and assures us that this could only happen to farcical bumpkins, and never to respectable suburbanites who shave every morning, pay their taxes, and buy best-selling novels.

R. PHELPS

MAX'S NINETIES, by Max Beerbohm (Lippincott, $5.00). One can never really get enough of Max Beerbohm, and here is a happy collection of thirty-five of his caricatures from 1892 to 1899, plus eleven published for the first time (the series, "Mr. Gladstone Goes to Heaven"). It is true that there is nothing in the present book to equal the best of the *Poets' Corner* or the portraits of Wilhelm II, D'Annunzio and Hardy, among others, from *Fifty Caricatures*, but, as Osbert Lancaster remarks in his introduction, we have here the potential Max, his final style not yet determined. Wilde, Beardsley, the *Yellow Book*, Max—one says them all in a breath, and it is a little incredible that the bodily Max survived World War II. Yet though he did survive, he did not really live beyond the coronation of George V. His best work was a reworking of the old themes, mostly nineties themes, given strength and depth by the passage of time. Here they are, first version; and though his later versions of Yeats, Moore, etc., may strike deeper, who could fail to be grateful for the present Whistler, Henry James, Beardsley, Wilde, Paderewski, Phil May and George V as the Duke of York?

F. RUSSELL

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To the Editor

From a Rockefeller Refugee

One more wallop in the wallet,
Like the rock The Rock just threw,
And the luxury of living
In New York I shall eschew.

When his gas tax goes in orbit
Transportation costs can't fail
To pull other prices upward
Like a rocket's flaming tail.

To stay solvent, I intend to
Leave this costly melting pot
To the Citizens For Rocky—
Which, thank goodness, *NR*'s not!

New York City MILDRED WILLIS HARRIS

Yale Dresses Up

In NATIONAL REVIEW of January 17, 1959, Mr. Buckley in "The Ivory Tower" concerned himself with the problem of sloppy attire at college. Several references were made to the situation at Yale University, *i.e.*, an experience with a college master ten years ago, and comments by the Graduate School Dean and Professor Curtiss. Lest any of your readers get the impression that we here at Yale go around looking like beatniks, I would like to clarify the situation. With the advent of September 1957 came the edict that coats and ties would be required at all meals (twenty-one per week). There were a few grumbles at first, but it has worked. The college atmosphere is greatly improved. Habitual violators have been threatened with some sort of discipline. . . .

The assertion that rejection of obligatory attire is an expression of "freedom" or "individuality" is a fallacious one. Professor Curtiss hit the nail on the head when he said, "Coat-and-tie is merely a symbol." I do not believe that the average college student is so lazy or naive that he believes the whole issue is just the college administration trying to exert its control. The issue is much deeper, and though he may grumble, he recognizes the value of such regulations. . . .

My political sympathies are not in agreement with those of NATIONAL REVIEW. However, I am in complete agreement with this article, the importance of which should not be underrated.

New Haven, Conn. DONALD J. SEGAL

Schliemann's Child-Bride

Reporting on Robert Payne's forthcoming biography of Heinrich Schliemann, *The Gold of Troy*, in your December 20 issue, Frank S. Meyer states: "A rough check with one of our classical consultants could not establish the age of [Schliemann's] 'child-bride,' but did elicit the information that—unlike Lolita—she knew most of Homer by heart."

For the record: While Schliemann was sitting out a divorce from his frigid Russian wife, he wrote to a bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church in Athens asking him to find for him a girl who must be "beautiful, poor, an enthusiast for Homer, dark-haired, well-educated, and the possessor of a good and loving heart." From the array of photographs the obliging bishop sent, Schliemann selected seventeen-year-old Sophia Engastromenos, who met most of these qualifications. They were married in Athens on September 24, 1868.

Alas! Poor Sophia missed being a nymphet—à la Lolita—by a good three years. However, she can surely take her rightful place in history and literature as a classic example of a mail-order bride.

New York City LARRY VINICK

AFTRA and Mr. De Mille

I should like to correct two inaccuracies in your report [that Peter Lind Hayes canceled a scheduled appearance of the late Cecil B. De Mille on his program at the request of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists].

1. Mr. De Mille did not make any commitment to appear on the Peter Lind Hayes Show . . . [though] Paramount's New York office had some discussion about it. Apparently the news that Mr. De Mille *might* appear on the Hayes Show was given out and *Daily Variety* (December 10) stated in part . . . "He [De Mille] was to have been interviewed, but American Federation of Radio and Television Artists intervened and asked, but did not demand, that the De

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Mille Spot be dropped." The accuracy of this report would have to be checked with the New York office of AFTRA.

2. Mr. De Mille started his service as Host on the Lux Radio Theater in 1936—about two years before the American Federation of Radio Artists was formed in Los Angeles. At the time of the union's formation he joined voluntarily. Technically, according to the Federation's constitution, he was *always* a member, but a member in bad standing, suspended because he refused to pay an assessment of one dollar to support a political stand to which he was opposed. Some years ago, the old radio union merged with the television union to become the new American Federation of Radio and Television Artists. On more than one occasion in the years since his suspension, Mr. De Mille was invited to appear on national and local radio and television shows. On several of these occasions it has been reported that AFTRA intimated that his appearance would be displeasing to the union. In some instances the producers canceled his appearance and in others disregarded the union stand, carrying out the program as scheduled.

DONALD MACLEAN
Acting Executive Secretary
Los Angeles, Cal. De Mille Foundation

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Garry Wills' comments on Gerard Manley Hopkins (January 3) are both ignorant and inaccurate. Gerard Manley Hopkins did not spend most of his time writing theories about poetry; he spent it fulfilling his obligations as a priest. His theories, in their essentials, are the essentials of poetry. Cardinal among his tenets, for example, was that poetry is meant to be *sung* rather than to be read. And his verses sing triumphantly. . . . Hopkins is guilty of theorizing over what he called "sprung rhythm." This unhappy term can be defined as taking advantage of natural speech flow, freeing the poet of stilted inversions and "poeticisms." The result, in the hands of GMH, is not the dissipation of poetic impact; it allowed Hopkins to compress until he had squeezed the last dead flesh from language. To call the tortured wrenches of Hopkins' poetic integrity "ornamentation" —as Mr. Wills does—is to confess a blighted sensibility. . . .

Marbella, Spain PETER CRUMPET

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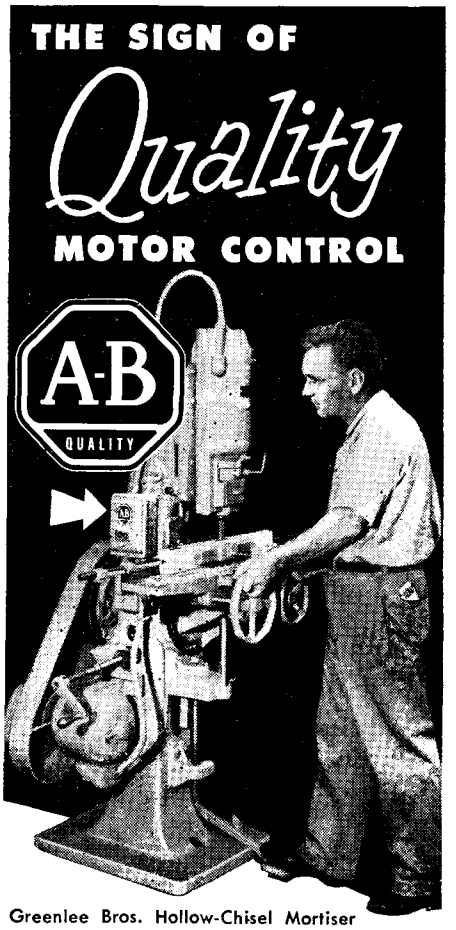

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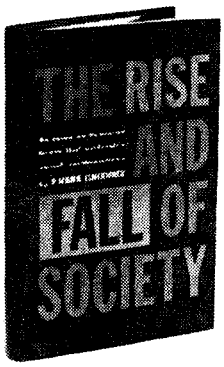

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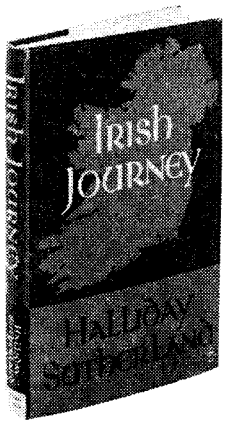

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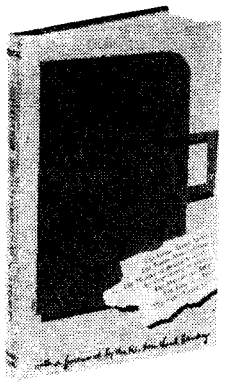

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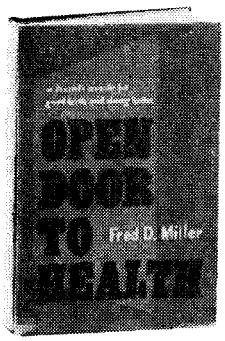

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